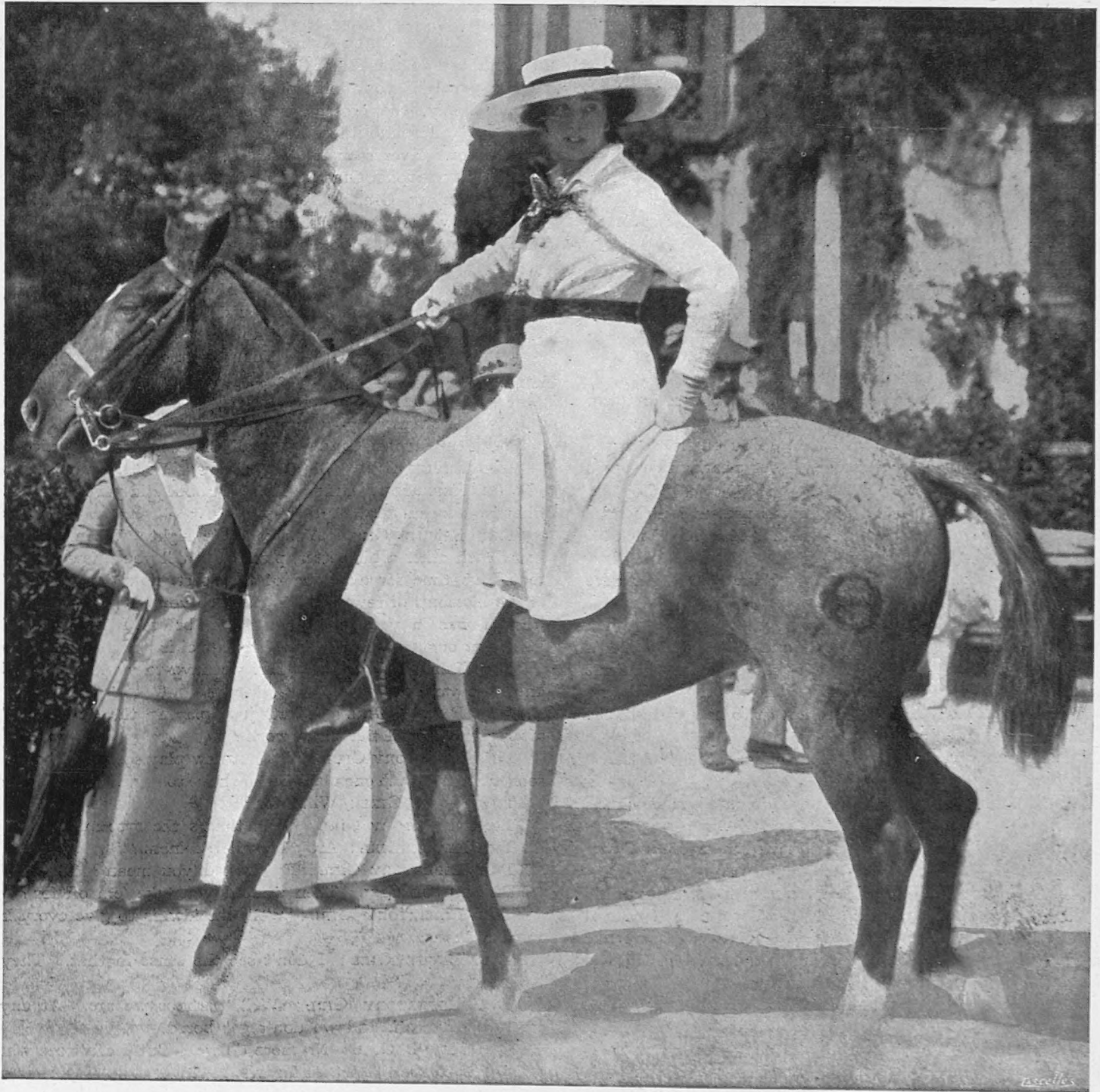


The Sketch

No. 1107.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1914

SIXPENCE.



IN AN UNUSUAL RIDING - COSTUME : PRINCESS PLESS ASTRIDE, ON THE RIVIERA.

Princess Pless, wife of Hans Heinrich XV., third Prince of Pless, is the elder daughter of Mr. William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West, Lord-Lieutenant of Denbigh. Her sister is the Duchess of Westminster; her brother, Mr. George Cornwallis-West, was married to Lady Randolph Churchill in 1900, was divorced from her recently, and, on the day

that the decree was made absolute, married Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the famous actress. Princess Pless was born on June 28, 1873. Her marriage took place in 1897. She has three sons—Prince Hans Heinrich XVII., Count Alexander, and Count Bolko. At the moment of writing, she is at Villa Liberia, Mandelieu.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



An Easter
Dialogue.

THE REVUE GIRL: Nice down here, isn't it?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Very nice.

THE REVUE GIRL: Does one good to get a rest, even if it's only a day or two, doesn't it?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Yes. But I think I'm happier when I'm working.

THE REVUE GIRL: Are you on the stage, too?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Oh, yes.

THE REVUE GIRL: What are you in? A revue?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: No, I'm in repertory.

THE REVUE GIRL: Where's that piece on? I don't seem to have heard of it.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: What piece?

THE REVUE GIRL: Why, the piece you just said.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Oh, I didn't mention the name of any particular play. I said I was in repertory—the Cottonpool Repertory, you know.

THE REVUE GIRL: Aren't you in town, then?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: We sometimes play a season in town, but most of the year we're in Cottonpool, of course.

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, what a shame! You ought to try to get to town. I've been in the West-End for nearly two years now.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Are you playing at present?

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, rather! I'm in "Kiss Me Quick!" at the Merry-Go-Round. Have you seen it?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: No, not yet. Have you got a nice part?

THE REVUE GIRL: I've got eleven parts, my dear. I'm a jockey, and a tulip, and a tea-shop girl, and a Duchess, and a chicken, and Edna May, and a pineapple—that's in the big Fruit Ballet there's been so much talk about, you know—and an aviating girl, and a Suffragette. And then I'm to have two new parts in the new edition.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: It must be very difficult to individualise so many different characters?

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, well, what we do is to under-dress, you see.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: I shouldn't like to under-dress eleven parts!

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, you'd soon get used to it, like you do to anything. Of course, if girls don't like hard work, then they'd better stick to the straight drama, or musical comedy. But I like revue work, myself. It gives you something to think about.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: So I should imagine.

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, yes, that's a fact. And then look at the chances you get. What I mean is, a girl might be all her life in a place like Cottonpool without getting the chance to show what she can do like I have in the Fruit Ballet. I'm brought in on a plate by four footmen in livery. You'd have to be a long time in your business before you got a show like that, wouldn't you?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Yes, I expect I should.

THE REVUE GIRL: I know Cottonpool. I was in panto there three years running. They're not a bad audience if you can just manage to hit them. Have you played in panto yet?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Not yet.

THE REVUE GIRL: Pardon my saying it, but you do seem to have wasted your time, my dear. What's the best part you ever played?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Well, I'm not quite sure. Nan, perhaps.

THE REVUE GIRL: What was that in?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: In "Nan," you know. John Masefield's play.

THE REVUE GIRL: I don't think I've ever come across it. Is it a drama?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Yes, I suppose you would call it a drama.

THE REVUE GIRL: I had two years in drama. I played Meg in "Stabbed to the Heart" nearly two hundred times. That was a good part. If your folks put that up, you go for Meg. Then I played Micky, the crossing-sweeper, in "The Light in Mother's Window" all round those towns up North—Wigan, Preston, and all that lot. Ever seen it?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: I'm afraid I haven't.

THE REVUE GIRL: Well, fancy that! I should have thought you'd know that, being in the same line of business. It's a fine show. We used to have a real fire-engine and a real fire-escape on the stage, and I used to go up the ladder and bring down the cat that was likely to be burnt alive. My word, there used to be some applause for that scene! But you don't say much about yourself. You let me do all the jabbing, I notice.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Your experiences have been so interesting, compared with mine.

THE REVUE GIRL: Interesting? I should shay sho. Got any decent chaps in your crowd?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Yes, all the men are very nice.

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, yes, I know. You know what I meant.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: There's nobody in particular, if that's what you mean.

THE REVUE GIRL: You're quite right. When you and me know each other a bit better, p'raps I'll tell you a few things. Not that I've time for anything of that sort, nowadays. That's one of the blessings of revues—they do keep you out of mischief. Now, when I was in your line of business, before I got to London—I Well, you ought to know what Cottonpool is.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: But we have to work very hard, you know, as well as you.

THE REVUE GIRL: What, just playing the same part night after night? Call that hard work?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: We do a new play each week. We've no sooner finished with one play than we have to begin rehearsing another.

THE REVUE GIRL: What for?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Well, that's the system.

THE REVUE GIRL: Are they all bloomers?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Failures, d'you mean? Oh, no.

THE REVUE GIRL: Then what d'you take 'em off for?

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Well, the idea is to give every kind of work a chance.

THE REVUE GIRL: I don't see the sense in that. They must be barmy.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Well, perhaps we are. At any rate, we love our work and we don't get bored.

THE REVUE GIRL: No more do we. But I can't see what any girl wants to stick at drama for when she might be playing in revues.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: But suppose she isn't clever enough to play in revues?

THE REVUE GIRL: Now you're pulling my leg.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: I'm not, really. I couldn't play a tulip or a pineapple to save my life.

THE REVUE GIRL: Oh, you'd soon get into it if you gave your mind to it. That's why a lot of girls don't get on—they don't give their minds to what they're doing. It's all men with them. But I shouldn't take you for one of that sort.

THE REPERTORY GIRL: Thank you.

THE REVUE GIRL: And I'll give you a tip, my dear. There's going to be a lot of small parts going in this new edition. Why not write in? It couldn't do any harm, and anything would be better than your Nans and all that up at Cottonpool. Tell you what I'll do. I'll—

A ROYAL SKI-RUNNER: THE PRINCE OF WALES—AND PIPE!



1. ON SKI: THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A "WINTER-SPORTER."

2. ABOUT TO LIGHT HIS PIPE? THE PRINCE AT FINSE.

3. WITH HIS PIPE ALIGHT AND A FOUR-FOOTED COMPANION: THE PRINCE (X) WITH A PARTY ABOUT TO START ON AN EXPEDITION.

The Prince of Wales, who left Christiania on the 6th to return to London, enjoyed some excellent winter sport during his visit to Norway as the guest of King Haakon and Queen Maud, his aunt, and made himself very popular wherever he went by his unaffected manners and his sportsmanlike zest for out-door life. He spent four days at Finse (where our photographs were taken), on the Bergen Railway, 4000 feet above

sea-level, and each day was on ski for eight hours, becoming an expert ski-runner and out-doing his companions in endurance. The lower photograph shows him with a party ready to start for the Hardangerjokel, under the guidance of Mr. Andreas Klen (on the left in a white coat), who was followed by his tame reindeer. Major Cadogan, who attended the Prince, is seen stroking the animal's head.—[Photographs by Record Press.]

DROPPING FROM AN AEROPLANE ON TO A TRAIN!



7455 France

1. BEFORE DROPPING THE DETECTIVE: THE FLYING-MACHINE HOVERING OVER THE TRAIN.

2. THE DETECTIVE ABOUT TO DROP ON TO THE TRAIN: THE MOST RISKY MOMENT OF THE ENTERPRISE.

The photographs illustrate the making of a film-drama. A "detective," carried as passenger on a flying-machine, had to pursue a train and, as the aeroplane executed a vol-plane, drop from the air on to the train.

Photographs by Grohs.

A ROSE OF RICHMOND: A MAID OF MUCH HONOUR.



MAID-OF-HONOUR TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE HON. IVY GORDON-LENNOX.

The Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox is the only child of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, brother of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Her mother is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard. Miss Gordon-Lennox was appointed

a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra in 1912. The family motto of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, which suggested the allusion in our heading to this page, is "En la rose je fleuris" ("I flourish in the rose").

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE play by Mr. Frank Harris called "The Bucket Shop,"
produced by the Stage Society, like most other pieces in
English founded on financial dealings, is unsatisfactory.
The author assumes more knowledge on the part of the audience
than is possessed by the majority, and also an ignorance greater
than that of the few. So most of the ladies were profoundly puzzled
till belated explanation of bucket-shop methods was given in the
third act, by which time they had given up trying to understand,
and all they ever knew was that the leading character swindled
people out of thousands and was left triumphant at the end of the
play, the only fly in his ointment being the fact that the pretty
actress whom he had tried to wrong had escaped him and that he
was bitterly disappointed. "The Bucket Shop" is not really a
living piece, but scrappy, with far too many characters, and little
sense of continuity. It is not good realism, nor has it clever artificial
construction. However, if presented for a run, it may warn
some people of the folly of gambling with bucket-shop dealers, since
they work upon the basis of "Heads I win, tails you lose," with few,
if any, exceptions. Possibly Mr. Harris knows a good deal about
bucket shops, yet somehow he fails to make his play convincing,
and the public meeting of creditors in the last act was really
burlesque. Indeed, what strikes one about the play is that the
author lacks that rather puzzling quality called the sense of the
theatre, often manifest in amateurish pieces by people without a
tenth of his ability. Mr. Norman McKeown acted with much skill
as the central figure, and there were clever performances by Mr.
H. B. Tabberer and Mr. Athol Stewart. Miss Gillian Scaife played
cleverly the rather poor part of the lady typist; it may, however,
be noticed as an implied criticism on the piece that few of the many
clever people managed to be noticeable.

The Stage Players, in producing "A Royal Chef," by Mr. A.
Kenward Matthews, gave a promising author an opportunity of
seeing the direction in which he ought to look for improvement.
The story of the play was the usual romantic absurdity which is to
be found in the imaginary central European State: the hard-up
King, the beautiful Princess, the English or American adventurer
with money, and the rightful heir who has been brought up in
humble circumstances and ascends the throne and marries the
Princess in the last act. The rightful heir was this time the royal
cook, and he overthrew a Government which had sold the throne
to a millionaire from Birmingham; but Mr. Matthews's difficulty
was that he wavered between romance and parody. When he
parodied he was amusing, and his idle King and beautiful Princess
were charming persons most excellently played by Mr. Norman
Yates and Miss Barbara Everest. There was cleverness in the
dialogue, and some humour in the study of Central European
politics, though the satire was a little heavy; but the author was
much burdened by his plot. So was Mr. Ben Webster, the gallant
cook: we have seen him doing many things more worth the doing.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sea is Kind. T. Sturge Moore. 6s.
(Grant Richards.)
An Unknown Son of Napoleon (Count Léon).
Hector Fleischmann. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)
The Life of Cesare Borgia. Rafael Sabatini.
5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
On Money, and Other Essays. G. S. Street.
4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal. Diana
Watts (Mrs. Roger Watts). 21s. net.
(Heinemann.)
The Drawing-Room Playlets for Amateurs.
Robert Arthur Dillon. (Greening.)
Notable Women in History. Willis J. Abbott.
16s. net. (Greening.)
A History of Penal Methods. George Ives.
10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)
Litanies of Life; Later Litanies. Kathleen
Watson. 2s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)
The Truth About an Author. Arnold Bennett.
2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
The Road. Jack London. 1s. net.
(Mills and Boon.)
Honoré de Balzac. Mary F. Sanders; with a
new Introduction by W. L. Courtney.
5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
Pot-Pourri Parisien. E. B. Parsons. 6s. net.
(Argus Printing Company.)
Antarctic Penguins: A Study of their Social
Habits. Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N. 6s.
(Heinemann.)
Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814-1815). Norwood
Young. 21s. net. (Stanley Paul.)
Anecdotes of Pulpit and Parish. Arthur H.
Engelbach. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
From the Thames to the Netherlands. Charles
Pears. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Five Plays. Lord Dunsany. 3s. 6d.
(Grant Richards.)
The Week-End Gardener. F. Hadefield
Farthing. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

FICTION.

The Fortunate Youth. William J. Locke. 6s.
(The Bodley Head.)
Madame Sans-Gêne. E. Lepelletier. 1s. 6d.
net. (Greening.)
The Orley Tradition. Ralph Straus. 6s.
(Methuen.)
Kicks and Ha'pence. Harry Stace. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
The Log of a Snob. Percy F. Westerman. 6s.
(Chapman and Hall.)
So the World Wags. Kettle Howard. 6s.
(Chapman and Hall.)
It Was the Time of Roses. Dolf Wyllarde. 6s.
(Holden and Hardingham.)
Curing Christopher. Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 6s.
(The Bodley Head.)
An Enemy Hath Done This. Joseph Hocking.
6s. (Ward, Lock.)
The Cost of Wings. Richard Dehan. 6s.
(Heinemann.)
The End of Her Honeymoon. Mrs. Belloc
Lowndes. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Pride of the Fancy. George Edgar. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
Her Last Appearance. A. Nugent Robertson.
6s. (Mills and Boon.)
Frivole. Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
A Heather Mixture. Morice Gerard. 6s.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)
Outside the Law. Alexander Crawford. 6s.
(Blackwood.)
Two Women. Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)
Time and Thomas Waring. Morley Roberts.
6s. (Nash.)
Firemen Hot. C. J. Cutcliffe Hine. 6s.
(Methuen.)
Happy Ever After. R. Allatini. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
The Gates of Doom. Rafael Sabatini. 6s.
(Stanley Paul.)
Jill-All-Along. "Rita." 6s. (Stanley Paul.)



GERMAN GIRL GUIDES IN LONDON: DRESS OF MODERN MEN: THE FATE OF OLD HORSES.

Through German Eyes.

I was much amused to read the little article by two of the German Girl Guides published in the *Daily Express*; for it was interesting to see how London looks through good-natured German eyes. The London policeman is always a source of wonder to people of other countries, for he is the only policeman in the world, so far as I know, who is always level-tempered and always ready to give information if he possesses it. The two little German girls were surprised to find that our police have not white cotton gloves and do not carry sabres and revolvers. They missed the military salute that a German policeman gives when a lady speaks to him, but they quite appreciated the kindly way in which the British giants bent down to them to give them the information they asked for.

The Police of Other Nations.

Americans, I think, appreciate the manners of our policemen more than any other visitors to this country do. One pretty American young lady once told me that one of her pleasures in London was to ask policemen questions about all sorts of things, because they always tried to give an answer, no matter what the question might be. "If I asked a New York policeman in Broadway how I could best see the Mayor of the city, all I should get from him would be a 'hard' look," she told me. The Parisian police, who have all been non-commissioned officers in the army, cultivate a rough manner, just as our police cultivate an agreeable one, and whenever a French policeman is represented on the stage he is always made a terrible fellow whose remarks are exceedingly brusque. The Berlin policeman is not a person to be trifled with. He is military to the finger-tips, and though he salutes ladies, he is quite ready to apprehend any man who breaks any of the thousand municipal regulations; and if a foreigner asks him questions, they are just as likely to remain unanswered unless he has been addressed by his honorary title of "Sergeant of Horse."

The British Tall Silk Hat.

The Girl Guides of Berlin wondered, amongst other things, to see so many Londoners wearing tall silk hats. Any Englishman who has been for a long time abroad and who has returned to London would have exactly the opposite remark, and would have wondered that so few men nowadays wore the "stove-pipe" hat of ceremony. In the

only puts on his tall hat when he goes to call on a lady, or to a garden party, to certain race-meetings, or to church.

The British Babies.

The two little German ladies had only been a day and an afternoon in London when they wrote their article, and no doubt their opinion that there were no



AT THE RACES: MR. ALEXIS ROCHE; CAPTAIN PAYNTER; AND MR. TOM TYLER, OWNER OF SUNLOCH, THE WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Photograph by Sport and General.

children in our big city was afterwards corrected. We certainly concentrate our children in a way that most other cities do not, but if Fräuleins Margot and Erica had walked in Kensington Gardens on a fine afternoon, or had visited Battersea Park, or had strolled by the side of the Regent's Park ornamental water, or had attended the opening of the stickleback season in St. James's Park, they would have seen what myriads of tiny Londoners, aristocratic and unaristocratic, there are.

Dress-Clothes at the Theatre.

The German lady guides would not have been true patriots had they not noticed the absence of officers in uniform in our streets, and they specially regretted that there were no uniforms to be seen amongst the well-dressed audience at the St. James's Theatre. They were, however, duly struck by the ladies in evening dress and the men in dress clothes who formed the audience in the stalls and circle and boxes. The French are following our lead in this matter, and a Parisian, if he is accompanying ladies to a theatre, now puts on dress-clothes. In Berlin, the men have not taken so kindly to this English fashion, but at the Opera and at Max Reinhardt's two theatres certainly every other man in stalls and circle wears a dinner-jacket, if not an evening tail-suit.

The Worn-Out Horses.

I fancy that no private Bill in Parliament has excited so much interest amongst men for quite a long time as the Bill to stop the traffic in worn-out horses sent to the Continent to be slaughtered for food. Colonel Hall Walker's story of the poor lame old pony with a bit of tape tied round its forelock to show that the owner wished one of the hoofs to be returned to him as a memento of an old friend is one of the cruellest tales I ever heard, if the owner knew what was to be the fate of the pony. It is just possible that the horse-slaughterer, not the owner, was the man to blame, for many compassionate people show too great tenderness in not wishing to see the last moments of an old friend and hand the animal over to strange hands to meet its fate. It is quite possible that in some cases the owner's instructions are not carried out, and that a suffering horse, whom it would be a mercy to kill, is kept alive by an inhuman "knacker" until it has landed in Belgium. I have owned quite a number of horses in my time, and some of them I have had to sentence to death; but I have always seen that a bullet did its work and that my poor old animal friends died as painlessly as is possible.

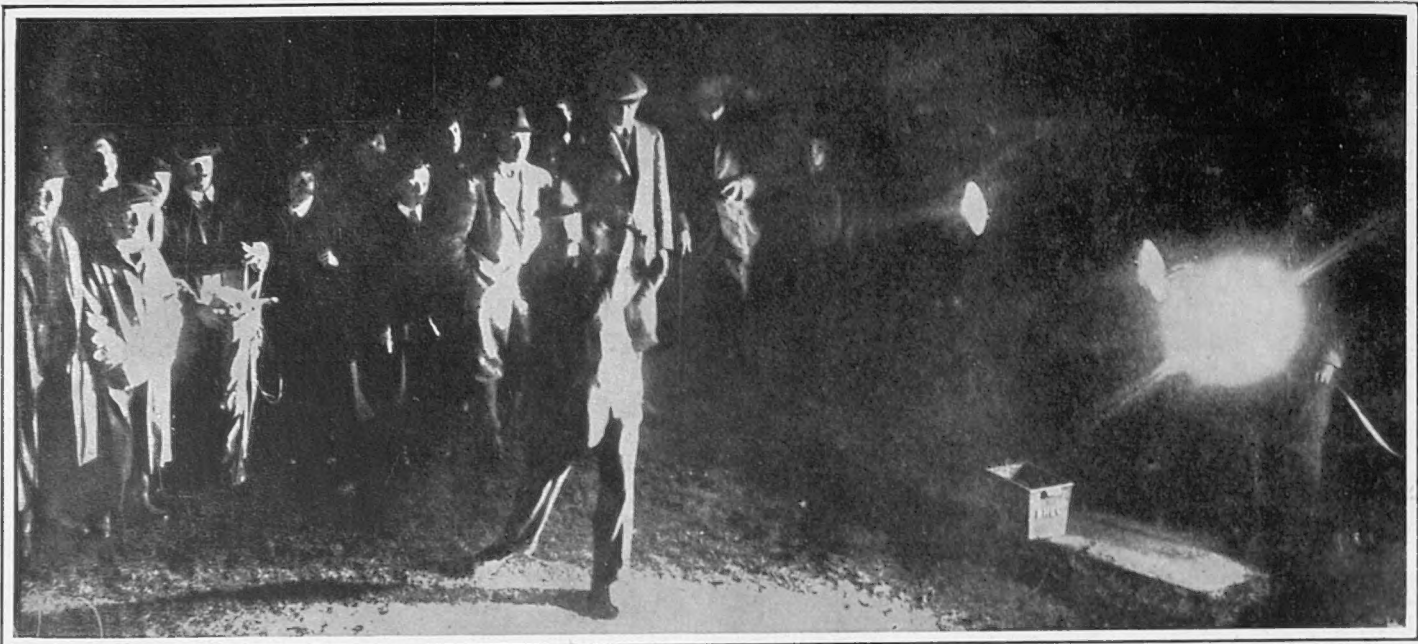


RUBBER-CORE VERSUS GUTTY: GEORGE DUNCAN, J. H. TAYLOR, HARRY VARDON, AND JAMES BRAID EXCHANGING BALLS.

In the great test of the gutty ball against the rubber-core ball, Vardon and Duncan, playing with rubber-core, beat Braid and Taylor, playing with gutty, by five holes; and Braid and Taylor, playing with rubber-core, beat Vardon and Duncan, playing with gutty, by four holes. So there was a net victory for the rubber-core of nine holes in thirty-six. The longest exhibition drives were 240 yards with a gutty, and 278 yards with a rubber-core.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

City, heads of firms regard with unfavourable eyes young men who do not wear the head-gear of ceremony, and the Stock Exchange still regards it as a proof of commercial morality; but the young man about town nowadays has entirely discarded the frock-coat, which is now only worn by Cabinet Ministers and shop-walkers, and

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



EDWARD RAY—FOR BEING ABLE TO PLAY GOLF ALMOST AS WELL BY THE RAYS OF A MOTOR-LAMP AS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN.

Edward Ray, the ex-Open Champion, played in a midnight foursome recently at Bushey. The course was illuminated by four electric motor-car head-lights—two focussed on the ball, and two on the fairway. Ray went round in 81. No balls were lost.—[Photograph by Topical.]



MR. FRANCIS OUIMET—FOR GETTING ACROSS THE CASUAL WATER BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA TO PLAY AT SANDWICH.

Mr. Francis Ouimet, the young American golfer who beat Vardon and Ray in the U.S.A. Open Championship last year, recently played his first round on English soil at Deal. He has entered for the British Amateur Championship at Sandwich next month.—Mr. Edward Blackwell, the famous golfer, has recently brought off some tremendous drives at St. Andrews. He drove a gutty ball 366 yards,



MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL—FOR DOING A VERY STRIKING GUTTY V. RUBBER-CORE TEST ALL OFF HIS OWN DRIVER.



MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO—FOR "SNAPPING UP" THE COVERED COURTS TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP "LIKE A TERRIER."

and a rubber-core ball 400 yards.—Describing the final of the Covered Courts Tennis Championship, in which Mr. T. M. Mavrogordato and Mr. P. M. Davson beat Mr. P. Hicks and Mr. W. A. Ingram, the "Times" said: "He (Mr. Hicks) also hit hard and low. . . . Mr. Mavrogordato was begging for returns of this kind, which he puts away with the grateful facility of a terrier snapping up biscuits."



MR. P. M. DAVSON—FOR SO ABLY ASSISTING MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO TO "SNAP UP" THE COVERED COURTS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photographs by Sport and General.



MR. ASQUITH—FOR LOOKING DECIDEDLY NON-PROVOCATIVE AS THE LEADER OF A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY OF PRIME - MINISTERING ANGELS.

Our photograph of Mr. Asquith with his wife and eldest daughter was taken as he was leaving the Masonic Hall at Ladybank, after his speech there which, being pronounced not provocative, decided the Unionists of East Fife not to contest his re-election. Mrs. Asquith is on the left and Miss Violet Asquith on the right of



MR. DONALD MCHARDY—FOR INVENTING A MACHINE TO TELL US WHETHER OUR SINGING ANNOYS THE NEIGHBOURS.

the photograph.—Mr. Donald McHardy, the well-known voice-specialist, has invented a wonderful instrument called the Critiphone, by means of which a singer or speaker can hear his own voice just as it sounds to his audience, and can thus criticise his own delivery.—[Photographs by C.N., and Clarke and Hyde.]

RACES: GARTH HUNT; YORK AND AINSTY; SCOTS GREYS.



1. LADY WILMOT; MISS WILMOT; AND THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL, ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD DESBOROUGH, AT THE GARTH HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.
2. COLONEL HOLFORD AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN, AT THE GARTH HUNT MEETING.
3. LORD ANNALY AND PRINCESS MARY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN, AT THE GARTH HUNT MEETING.

4. THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN'S (ON LEFT) AT THE YORK AND AINSTY HUNT AND ROYAL SCOTS GREYS MEETING.
5. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AND BROTHER - OFFICERS OF THE SCOTS GREYS IN THE PADDOCK BEFORE THE SCOTS GREYS' RACE.
6. THE HON. MR. GRENFELL AND MISS FORD AT THE GARTH HUNT MEETING.
7. PRINCESS MARY, LADY DESBOROUGH, THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL, AND THE MISSES MOORE, AT THE GARTH HUNT MEETING.

Prince Christian was to have presented the prizes at the point-to-point meeting in connection with the Garth Hunt, at Lordlands Farm, Hawthorn Hill, but, the weather being rough, he left early, and Lady Emily Van de Weyer officiated in his stead.—The York and Ainsty Hunt Point-to-Points and the Royal Scots Greys Regimental Race were held in the neighbourhood of Easingwold, near York.—[Photographs by C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, and Topical.]



BUR-REVUE-LESQUE AT THE EMPIRE: A SHOW THAT DRAWS A BIG HOUSE.

Miss Phyllis
Bedells.

Before talking about "A Mixed Grill," at the Empire, I mean to say a word concerning "The Dancing Master"—whatever the editor may think. Take my advice, and go early enough to the Empire to see this number, and in particular take note of Miss Phyllis Bedells.



A VERY GALLANT OFFICER:
MR. JOHN HUMPHRIES AS A
MUSICAL-COMEDY COLONEL.
CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

Poor dear, she has only one fault—she seems to believe that Gilbert's idea expressed in the famous line "For she might have been a Rooshian," etc., applies to dancing. Oh, no! If she were to call herself Bedellinski, or Bedellsovna, or, to use an old jape, chose to wind up her name with "whisky," my brother journalists would rave about her with a "mixed grill" of delirious adjectives, would vow that she squares the circle with her left foot, expresses the whole philosophy of Nietzsche with the right, expounds the "artistry"—how I loathe the word "artistry"—of all the modern super-artists, and so on. Instead, she merely dances beautifully, with great natural grace and fine technique, and is a bewitching little person into the bargain. At this moment, strange to say, Mrs. Monocle draws my attention to the fact that I am ordered to write concerning "A Mixed Grill," not Miss Phyllis. Do you know what the title means, fair reader? Probably not. Used in the days when

people were very confident about the hereafter, it might have referred to the reunion in the Infernal Regions of the bad and good non-Christians. To-day it indicates a cutlet, a kidney, a sausage, and a slice of bacon all on one plate, and sometimes a tomato: and there you are! very lucky, too, if the kidney is tender ("There is nothing like leather" is the maxim in some places) and the sausage contains but a moderate quantity of bread. What the title has to do with the revue goodness knows, and I am not goodness. The new piece is somewhat laboriously called "a bur-revue-lesque": dentists please note that the "bur" does not refer to their little twiddly instruments of torture, clothiers that it does not mean the vegetable with which they used to card wool. The revue has a *compère*,

day the phrase "as wit-less as a revue-writer" will become classic unless a change takes place. In the second scene we are introduced to the rehearsal of Mr. Granville Barker's revue.

**The Eternal
Triangle.**

Why Mr. Granville Barker? I cannot tell; nor why Mr. Lloyd George is introduced, though in the case of the latter there may have been the excuse that no revue is supposed to be complete without him. Why not be daringly original and leave him out? The fourth scene is the best; it presents a burlesque of "The Eternal Triangle," which for some unimaginable reason is called "a problem play," it being in fact a burlesque of the Seventh Commandment drama in vogue before the problem play was dreamt of—and since as well. However, that does not matter, for it was quite funny. We saw the piece from the back, watched the characters on the stage and also the players and property folk behind the scenes, and, if the fooling is a little heavy-handed, it is quite droll. Burlesque a trifle less obvious should be the staple of these revues; unfortunately, everybody seems to think that in burlesque you have to make your points with a "three-man beetle." I do not believe we Londoners are half so stupid as that.



ISOSCELES OR OTHERWISE? CHARACTERS IN
"THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE" DESCRIBED AT
THE EMPIRE: MR. FRED FARREN AS THE
HERO AND MISS MAUD JAY AS HIS CHILD.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

**The Fashionable
Restaurant.**

The last scene of all of this eventful history, of this grill that could stand a bit more pepper, passes after midnight in a famous restaurant which it is not my business to advertise; there is a subtitle, "A Musical Comedy Joy Dream," and quite uncharitable things are said about the young ladies who fascinate the public and the Peerage. The chief character is an old Colonel from India, who returns to the home of former revelries and is surprised by the changes; he is represented by Mr. J. Humphries, quite the cleverest person in the company, and astute enough to have his name in each of his parts printed in very small letters. I do not know whether he has any gift for mimicry, but he exhibits a sense of character, of broad humour, and gets his voice well over the footlights. This last episode presents plenty of dancing, including a wonderful if not exactly beautiful *pas de deux* by the energetic Miss Ida Crisp and the jointless Mr. Fred Farren. As on a historic occasion, there are sounds of revelry by night, and the scene is full of light and colour—everybody, in fact, at times is working at fever-heat. Perhaps "A Mixed Grill" is rather more mix than grill. Mr. Risque shows greater ambition than talent; however, if he fails, like the rest of them, to put the revue on the broad, coherent basis of witty burlesque, which is possible, he at least has produced an entertainment that draws a big house and pleases it. In saying this, one must not overlook Mr. Howard Talbot's tuneful music and the efforts of the performers. Probably it is "G. B. S." himself, or Mr. Granville Barker—favourite butts of the revue-writers—who alone are

competent to play the part of the modern Aristophanes. Yet, if they were employed, the question arises whether they might not try to make fun of Conservative politicians and the conventional drama, and thereby cause the censorship to come into play and exhibit its impartiality by protecting what it loves from ridicule.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

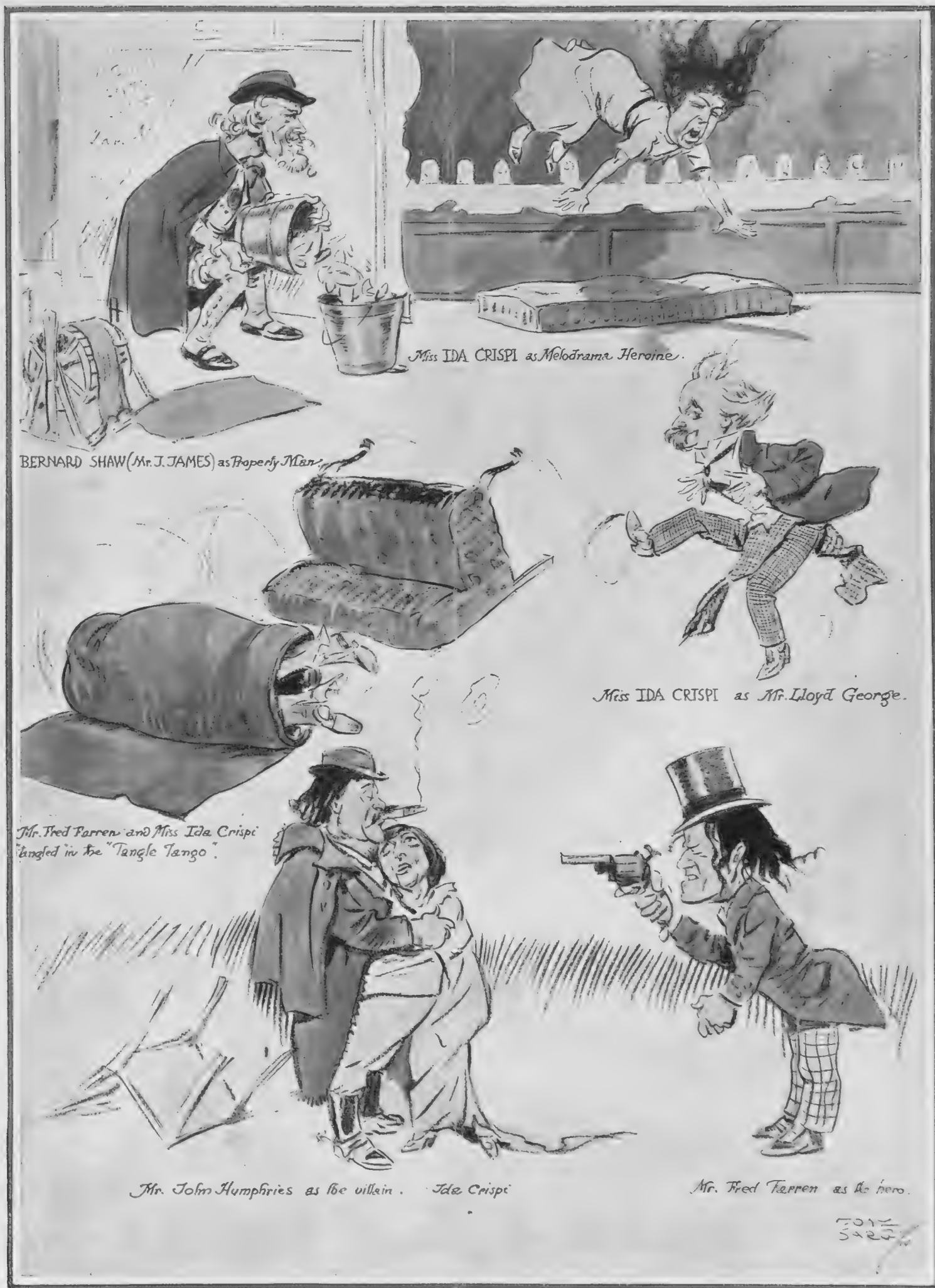


VERY GRILLING AND RATHER MIXED: MR. FRED FARREN AND MISS IDA CRISPI
IN THE YANKEE-TANGLE-TANGO, IN "A MIXED GRILL."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

but no *commère*, and the *compère* is Mr. Bernard Shaw! A brave man the author, Mr. W. H. Risque, to choose "G. B. S." People who try to ridicule him ought to show themselves at least clever enough to understand what they deride, and not to suggest that he is merely a clown who talks nonsense unless they exhibit a pretty and thoughtful wit of their own—and this is not the case with Mr. Risque. Some

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "A MIXED GRILL." FOR



WITH "G. B. S." AS PROPERTY MAN, AND A FEMININE LLOYD GEORGE: THE NEW "BUR-REVUE-LESQUE" AT THE EMPIRE.

Thanks largely to the efforts of Miss Ida Crispi, Mr. Fred Farren, Mr. John Humphries, and Mr. J. James, the new "bur-revue-lesque" at the Empire, "A Mixed Grill," is proving very popular and drawing big houses.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS - WEST.

WHILE Mr. George Cornwallis-West has succeeded in changing the names of two famous women, his own has remained more or less unfamiliar. Few people know whether to call him Mr. West, Mr. George West, or Mr. George Cornwallis-West; nor does he seek to enlighten the world at large on that or on any other personal matter. Obscurity is almost a hobby with him: he prides himself on looking like other people; he wears the coat his tailor tells him to wear, and the hat approved in Pall Mall, and he has an admirable facility for losing himself in the crowd. Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Mr. West has not yet quite enveloped her in the new title) is never lost so long as there are two or three people gathered together within sight of her. Of all women—except, perhaps, Lady Randolph Churchill—she is the easiest found in a crowd.

The Shop-Window Beauties.

Mr. George Cornwallis-West was born in the year of Lord Randolph Churchill's marriage with Miss Jennie Jerome of New York. The son of Colonel Cornwallis-West and the beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis-West, his childhood was divided between North Wales

and Mayfair. He was fated from the first to be the companion of famously fair women. When he was three his mother was being grouped with "the P.B.s" (Professional Beauties, that is) in the shop-windows. Her more frequent companions behind glass were Mrs. Langtry (who was also her close friend), Maude Branscombe, Evelyn Rayne, and the lady who is now the Marchioness of Ripon. The beauties of the day had very definitely fallen into the hands of the photographers and the public. Talk of prosecuting the publishers and purveyors of the pictures of private people was often loud enough, but in few cases did the aggrieved parties go so far as to suppress the complimentary attentions of the window-dressers. It is interesting to note that Lady Randolph Churchill thinks that Mr. George Cornwallis-West's mother fully held her own with the greatest beauties of those blooming 'seventies.

Early Recollections.

Mr. George Cornwallis-West was about four when the excitement about his mother and her friendly rivals was at its height. A writer in a contemporary print, after giving an extremely flourishing account of her high colour and high spirits, concludes by dealing very handsomely with her domestic virtues. He tells an anecdote of her

a practical joke. It was better, hinted the *flâneurs*, not to be too near her when she was in one of her merriest moods and there happened to be ice on the table. But pranks were not her chief recreation. She was passionately devoted to her children; and, says the ancient chronicler of Mr. George Cornwallis-West's infancy, "she is generally to be seen with an angel-child as her companion." That was at a time when people used to stand on chairs in Hyde Park to see her pass.

The Soldier.

Ruthin Castle, where his father still lives, was the chief inspiration of Mr. Cornwallis-West's boyish dream. Real warfare, when it came, was less romantic than it had promised from those Silurian battlements. After a certain amount of ornamental soldiering with Scots Guards, he volunteered for active service in South Africa, but missed the romance both of service and sickness. He fell a victim to enteric, and was invalided home just as Lady Randolph Churchill's hospital-ship *Maine* was on its way to the Cape to succour stricken soldiers.

"L.H. 4362." When, smoking his cigar, he left the registrar's office the other day, "started up" his small chocolate-coloured car, and drove away alone, he was acting a part, and acting a part for which he is in a sense extremely well suited. If he is not an exact type of the man in the street, he is at any rate a very fair example of the man in the motor. He drives well, but so do other owners; he is well groomed, but so are all the men he left at their ease in his club the day before the Kensington adventure. But while externals are all in his favour, and he can drive through Kensington like any common mortal, he is inevitably linked with something that is not common. The end of that very ordinary drive was a tryst with a very far from ordinary woman round the corner.

A Sex Distinction.

So it has been from the time when, as a boy of three, he went to his first Church Parade with his lovely mother; so it has been during his lifelong association with two brilliant sisters, the Duchess of Westminster and Princess Pless; so it was when, in 1900, he married for the first time. The ceremony which took place so unobtrusively in a Kensington registry office the other day was only one more instance of the way in which he is fated to be distinguished in his womenkind.

The Critic on the Hearth.

As an actor he has done hardly more than is expected of any Society man who can fill a place in an amateur cast without distress of mind to himself or his friends. An expert (and experts have generally been at his elbow when he has had occasion to dye his moustache and accentuate his features with touches of grease-paint) always thinks well of his acting if only on account of its ease. Mrs. "Pat" is fond of ridiculing the stage-manners of most Englishmen; she does not allow them the old-established prerogative of being nothing more than well-dressed donkeys, nor has she, on the other hand, any tolerance for a "ramper." It is believed that her husband has not offended her on either score; but who shall say for certain that she has not, on his sole account, put a curb upon the habitual frankness of her speech—a frankness generally expressed in dots and dashes by the time her most forceful language comes to be enshrined in bashful anecdote?



RECENTLY MARRIED TO MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Mr. George Cornwallis-West, who was born in 1874, is the son of Colonel William Cornwallis-West, and is related to Earl de la Warr. In 1900 he married Lady Randolph Churchill. He is the brother of the Princess of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ON THE TURF: MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST AT A RACE-MEETING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

shaming, at a fashionable race-meeting, a man who was reported to have said that the roses of her cheek were not her own. Her way was sweetly to invite him to rub an imaginary smut from her face, and then to ask him, to his great confusion, to look for rouge-marks on the handkerchief. Her manner always had about it something of Irish frankness, and she was not above

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS - WEST.



RECENTLY MARRIED AT A LONDON REGISTER OFFICE TO MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS - WEST :
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS.

The marriage of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. George Frederick Myddelton Cornwallis-West took place at a register office in Kensington on April 6. The only witness was her solicitor, Mr. Bourchier Hawksley. Earlier on the same day the decree nisi granted last July to Lady Randolph Churchill against Mr. George Cornwallis-West had been made absolute. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or, as she is now, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, is the daughter of Mr. John Tanner and his wife,

Luigia (née Romanini). In 1884, when she was sixteen, she married the late Mr. Patrick Campbell, who was killed in the South African War—in which, by the way, Mr. George Cornwallis-West also served. Her stage début was made at Liverpool in 1888, and five years later she became famous by her acting in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It was arranged that she should appear on the 11th with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Photograph by Dorothy Hickling.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Kaiser's wish to give his name to the infant son of the Hon. Alec Russell, the British Military Attaché in Berlin, is but one mark of a long-established esteem. The Kaiser has known members of the Russell family almost as long as he has known Berlin. The Russells have a way of getting born in Germany, of settling in the capital, and of filling some sort of post connected with the Embassy. The Hon. Alec Russell first saw the light in Potsdam while his father, the late Lord Ampthill (himself of German upbringing), was Ambassador in Berlin. The famous Odo Russell of an eventful diplomatic epoch, the latter added a word to both the English and German languages, for it was he who substituted "telegram" for "telegraphic despatch." "Telegram" may be bad Greek, but it has served a useful purpose.

At the Wrong Moment. The Russells loom large in the circle of the Kaiser's English acquaintance. One of his few private visits when he was last in London was to Lady Ampthill and her daughters in Eaton Square. It was on another such visit that, having asked to be instructed in the technique of tea-drinking and the proper duration of a London afternoon call, he told a story of Lord Odo Russell and Bismarck. One day, when sitting with the Chancellor and feeling very much at home, Lord Odo turned the talk to visitors less tactful than himself. "How," he asked, "do you terminate your interviews with visitors who stay too long? You see dozens of foreign representatives, many of them interminably consequential, every day, and yet find time for all your other duties." Bismarck was explaining that he had an arrangement with the Princess whereby she used to make some excuse for sending for him if she thought a visitor was staying too long, when a servant came in and told Bismarck, from his wife, that it was time for him to take his medicine.



ENGAGED TO MR. FITZGERALD BLOOD: MISS GLADYS WOODHOUSE.

Miss Woodhouse, who is to marry Mr. Fitzgerald Blood, of Ballykilty, Co. Clare, is the elder daughter of Sir James Woodhouse, of Pollards Park, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS MARJORIE M. SALMON AND CAPTAIN GEORGE H. REDFERN, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE IN BROOKLYN, U.S.A., ON APRIL 14.

Captain Redfern is in the Royal Garrison Artillery. The bride is the only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Arthur Salmon, of Brooklyn, U.S.A.—[Photographs by Sarony and Helson.]



TO MARRY THE HON. C. P. ST. JOHN ON APRIL 18: MISS NOREEN NAPIER.

Miss Napier is the only daughter of the late Major Robert Napier, and of Mrs. Napier, of 68, Knightsbridge. Mr. St. John is the third brother of Lord St. John of Bletso.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY THE HON. HENRY GEORGE HILL MULHOLLAND ON APRIL 16 MISS SHEELAH BROOKE.

Mr. Mulholland, who was born in 1888, is the third son of Lord Dunleath. The wedding is to take place in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Kate Praeger.



MR. H. FENWICK METCALFE AND MISS MABEL COOPER, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR APRIL 16.

Mr. Metcalfe is the youngest son of the late Rev. William Metcalfe, of Ottery St. Mary and Tipton, Devon, and of Mrs. Metcalfe, of Cyprus House, Exmouth. Miss Cooper is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cooper, of Wincanton, Somerset.

Photographs by Swaine.



become a stage joke, but he does also still exist in real life, and even hardened celebrities like Lady Warwick, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Signor Gabriel D'Annunzio have complained of him. But the fear is sometimes reciprocated. Many years ago, a distinguished

American was entertained to luncheon by a member of the Duke of Portland's family. His hostess had been lavish with her invitations; her luncheon-parties were always impetuously composed and always crowded, and on this occasion she had to put an overflow of half-a-dozen obliging men at a side-table. During the meal she asked her guest of honour one or two questions on grave matters, and was met with silence. "Excuse me," he said at last, "if I don't answer you until the reporters have gone."

The Latest Conquest.

So many wild tales are foisted on to Smith Square that it is doubtful if their hero, Mr. McKenna, so much as hears them all. Perhaps this one is new to him: He was dining out not long ago, and, as it happened, feeling very out of sorts. His vivacious neighbour, whose name he had not caught, noticed that he passed the plovers' eggs, the quail, the asparagus, and only nibbled at the things he accepted. "Where's your appetite?" she asked. He explained that he suffered from "indy,"

and gave some symptoms. "I know the cure," she answered; "do let me help you. If you promise to do as I tell you, all the trouble will have gone in a couple of days." Her sympathy was so ardent that he said he would. "It's a belt," she said; "you have to wear it for one night only." The next day the thing arrived, and was put on. Only when the Home Secretary took his bath the following morning did he realise the nature of the cure. "Votes for Women" appeared in indelible ink all round the "equator."

Strain and Strains.

Mr. Sargent has little or no patience

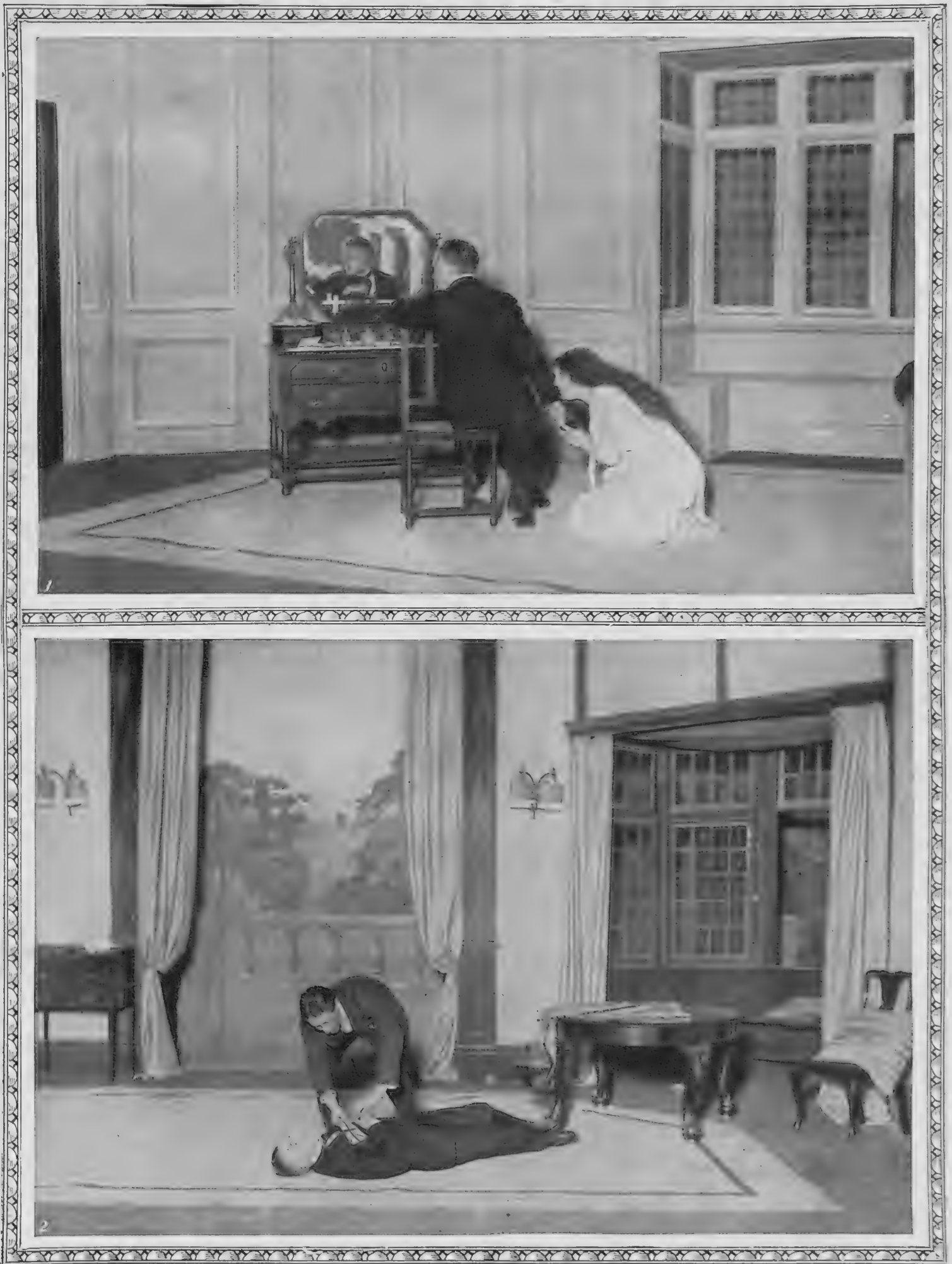
with the extremer forms of pictorial Futurism, and is seldom seen at the fantastic exhibitions of his younger brethren of the brush.

He did, however, attend the performance of Futuristic music the other day at Steinway Hall, and even if he, a restless man, seemed restless under the strain, it does not follow that he wholly disapproved. The music is essentially disturbing, but Mr. Sargent, somewhat to the surprise of friends who know his extreme fastidiousness in the choice of his composers, sat it out. Mr. Sargent, by the way, has recently completed a drawing of the daughter of one of his oldest musical friends—Mr. George Henschel, the well-known composer, singer, and conductor. Mr. Henschel, who settled in this country some thirty-five years ago, and was naturalised about twelve years later, was the founder of the London Symphony Concerts, which he conducted for many years, and was the first conductor of the Scottish Orchestra at Glasgow.

Ulterior Motives. The strictly Constitutional attitude of the King during recent events has not been without its effect on the Royal Household. Within the gates of Buckingham Palace everybody seems to guard against taking sides; even chambermaids, in that zone of neutrality, are said to be strictly non-committal. But the inhabitants of St. James's Palace, or its precincts, are less discreet. Both Countess Fedora and Countess Helena Gleichen have now signed the Women's Covenant. If for a time they hesitated, it was not because they felt they had sacrificed the liberty of their opinions by taking up their residence in Engine Court, but because their brother's position in Belfast imposed a certain reticence. Those "ulterior" motives for silence seem to have vanished, and they have signed.

The American Peril. A fear of the American reporter, who is soon to count reigning monarchs among his victims, fills Europe. He has

A POLITICAL-CONSCIENCE PLAY: GALSWORTHY'S "THE MOB."



1. IN THE WIFE'S BEDROOM: STEPHEN MORE IS IMPORED BY KATHERINE TO GIVE UP HIS UNPOPULAR ANTI-WAR ATTITUDE—MR. MILTON ROSMER AS STEPHEN MORE AND MISS IRENE ROOKE AS KATHERINE MORE, HIS WIFE.

2. AFTER STEPHEN MORE HAS BEEN STABBED BY A FRENZIED WOMAN OF THE MOB: EDWARD MENDIP LEAVES A SMALL UNION JACK ON THE DEAD MAN'S BREAST—MR. MILTON ROSMER AS STEPHEN MORE AND MR. D. LEWIN MANNERING AS MENDIP.

Mr. John Galsworthy's new play, "The Mob," was produced for the first time, at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, the other day; and it is arranged that the first London performance shall be given by Miss Horniman's Manchester Company at the Coronet, on Monday, April 20. Mr. Milton Rosmer and Miss Irene Rooke will be in their original parts. As we noted last week, the principal character of the piece is Stephen

More, an Under-Secretary who resigns his office because of his hatred of a war his country is waging against a small nation. For this act, dictated by conscience, he suffers in all possible ways, losing his wife's affection and his friends; and in the end he is killed by a frenzied woman of the mob in his own house. Later it is seen that the mob who cursed him living has set up a statue to his memory.

Photographs by Topical.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

SO much depends upon the point of view.

In common with quite a regiment of English-writing novelists, I have essayed to describe the hectic delights of "Montmartre"—I put the name in inverted commas with intention—and I dare say, having taken some trouble to document my facts, I have been as successful as most. But I did not please all my readers. One fiery Socialist, a frequenter of the National Liberal Club, whom I have seen throw up his hat at Boer victories (he thinks less well of General Botha now!) fell on me because in a scene in the best-known night restaurant of The Quarter I had made an Englishman the hero of a moment's episode and a Frenchman the villain. "Pure prejudice," he assured me. "I am sick of that kind of truckling to English conceit. Why couldn't you have made a Frenchman your hero and your villain an Englishman? It would have been much more natural. Everyone in Paris hates the English, and with reason." I doubted, and still doubt, the accuracy of his opinion.

Conceive then with what satisfaction I welcomed a letter that has just fallen into my hands. First let me explain. An American of light and leading has just written a novel about Paris, quite a good novel, a novel that kept me engrossed from Ashford to Creil, a novel in which Montmartre inevitably occurs. The local colour, once one granted that the man knew practically nothing of what he was writing about, didn't seem to me bad, and I gave the book with some assurance to a friend in Paris, who gave it in turn to a friend of his, a lady who knows the Butte from the Sacré Cœur to the Place de la Trinité and from the Gaietés Rocherchouart to the Brasserie Wepler about as well (I am informed) as I know the acre or two which surrounds Piccadilly Circus, and who has passed some many months of a not ill-spent youth in dancing for the delight—to the considerable delight, I am willing to swear—of the patrons of those *restaurants de nuit* which have the least ugly reputations in that devil's playground. I won't give the name of the novel. It wouldn't be fair. But just as in the novel I wrote I had made my hero an Englishman, so my novelist had made his hero an American. That, no doubt, would have passed, but one particular restaurant had to be described, and

the description it was that infuriated my friend's friend and moved her to put her opinion in writing, and for some reason or other the novelist's praise of Americans, direct and implicit, at the expense of the English and the French, only added to her resentment. Here, she said, was an *imbécile* who was writing of something he knew nothing at all about. I winced myself there, and was only reassured by the memory of "The Magic of the Hill." Do you know what a *poire* is? "Bellow's French Dictionary" translates the word as "a juggins." It is, in current slang, both more stupid and more mundane than that. But anyhow, to my letter: "Il oublie de mettre dans son livre que les plus grands poires des restaurants de nuit à Montmartre sont les Américains." If one had to choose between the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American, then "c'est l'Américain qui se conduit le plus mal, le plus bruyant; c'est l'Américain qui dépense le plus d'argent pour champagne, etc.; et pour le patron l'Américain est le meilleur miché, même meilleur que le Russe." A *miché*, let me explain, since "Bellow" knows not the word (although I saw it the other day in Villon) is something like a *poire*—a *miché*, one may say, is a gull, a dupe.

For generosity to women the English are easily first apparently, and also the most polite. "Mais cela prouve qu'il est le plus intelligent et qu'il a bon cœur." My national vanity is indeed aroused, and even more am I uplifted by the first words of the next sentence, a veritable epigram: "L'Anglais à Paris fait vivre les femmes mais l'Américain les patrons." You know what a *patron* is, of course—the man who runs the show, the proprietor, the "guy'nor."

But reading on, I begin to suspect that my friend's friend is more than a little influenced by the fact that her friend is an Englishman and that she must counter his jealousy of some visitor from Indianapolis or Richmond, Va., by exaggerated praise of his countrymen. Only on that assumption will I quote the last sentence: "L'Américain donne beaucoup d'argent aux femmes seulement dans le cas quand les autres le voient aussi, comme font tous les parvenus."

But I fancy it is time that novelists gave "Montmartre" a rest.



NOT ON THE COURTS FOR ONCE! MESSRS. F. G. LOWE AND A. F. WILDING, THE FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS, AT CANNES.

Mr. Francis Gordon Lowe was born at Edgbaston on June 21, 1884. He is Charterhouse and Cambridge. Mr. Anthony Frederick Wilding was born at Christchurch, New Zealand, on October 31, 1883.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



A HORSE-RAILWAY—THE LAST OF THEM IN ENGLAND: THE "DANDY," AT PORT CARLISLE, CUMBERLAND.

It was arranged that this horse-railway, the last in England, should cease to run on April 4.

Photograph by Nicholson and Cartner.

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. IX.—WHILE THE FATE OF THE FIRST-BORN HANGS IN THE BALANCE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE POET AND THE FAIRIES! BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IT was La Fontaine, I believe, who said, after his own manner, childish and wise, sentimental and humorous, whimsical and consistent: "Si 'Peau d'Âne' m'était conté, J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême" (If 'Peau d'Âne'—one of the most charming of Perrault's fairy-tales—"was told to me, I would take in it an extreme pleasure.")

But then, poets and fairies have always been on terms of the warmest camaraderie. Lord Dunsany discoursed the other evening to an assembly of poets, at the Monico, on Fairy Poetry. He said many charming and delicate things about the influence of friendly fairies over their poets protégés. But, to my great disappointment, he declared, towards the end of his talk, never to have with his own eyes seen any fairies. Now this not only disappoints me, but also surprises me vastly. I had always believed that it was given to all of us, whether poets or plain people, to count at least several of those fascinating creatures among our acquaintances. Perhaps we use the word "fairy" in a different sense. Perhaps, when Lord Dunsany says he has never seen a fairy, he means that he has never intruded on the privacy of a most enchanting being in a female form clothed in a moon-coloured robe, and who, half-hidden under a giant mushroom, was combing her hair in the twilight. Those are the patricians among fairies; they haunt secular parks and noble castles, they are most conservative in customs and costumes. They wear pointed shoes, a pointed train, a pointed hat with, attached to it, a cloud shaped like a veil and a pointed stick called a wand. This special caste of fairies

never come to town, which they hold in execration. Towns lack space, repose, and faith; moonlight is there replaced by electric-globes; mushrooms can only be seen at Covent Garden, and even then they are mean and undersized mushrooms, only fit to be eaten, not to sit upon or rest under. Also it is very hard for a fine fairy not to be able to walk in the streets without some big-footed mortal treading on her train, and not to be able to brandish her wand without poking somebody else's eye out! What annoys them more than anything else is to see what seems to them a parody and a caricature—legions of Boys in Blue, no longer the curly-headed and slim cherubs of the fairy-books, but blue boys changed out of their recognition, with boat-like boots and a belt that does its best, and a very cheap brand of wand in their big hands. It must be quite an inferior sort

of wand indeed, for though it can magically stop the traffic—striking men, beasts, and vehicles motionless in true fairy fashion—yet it is quite unable to turn a taxicab into a pumpkin again! Very mediocre magic! Perhaps policemen's wands are not long enough.

But, besides those countryfied Tory Fairies, there are numberless

other sorts. The really efficient, up-to-date ones prefer to preserve the incognito. They assume any form, accept any fortune, any race, any rank, any age or aspect. Some of them, perhaps to expiate

some sins committed in a former life against the fairy code, some of them have indeed a—"human" of a time. I have heard of many a fairy undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life (fortunately, a short life) in a fireless—worse, a sunless garret, with a wand reduced to microscopic proportions and called, in the words of mortals, a needle with which to produce magically bread, bed, roof and room—yes, and rags to wear for many little children who call her Mother, and whom she keeps alive by some *sortilège* with her poor little wand, no longer than that! As for herself—being a fairy—she needs nothing. She has a tonic of which she partakes freely. It is bitter-sweet, it is food and drink, it is both a stimulant and an opiate. The humans call it mother-love.

There are many other love-potions. Each of us has a recipe which is as secretly guarded as that of the Char-

AT THE RACES:
LADY VIOLET
CHARTERIS.

treuse liqueur. It is far more intoxicating. Some are experts at preparing the philtre; others cannot distil but a flavourless, tepid essence that evaporates immediately, leaving heart and senses untroubled. You will know which are witches, which are women, after you have drunk at the cup they offer you. It may be a commonplace cup of tea casually handed to you in her mamma's drawing-room—"Milk or lemon?" Beware of the milk! Beware of the lemon! It may be a spoonful of medicine, while a pastel-like vision, snowy bonnet and blue gown, says to your dizzy ears in the distance of your dream, "You must drink this—it will calm your fever." Calm your fever, forsooth! It is a love-philtre that sends your temperature to madness point.

Love-philtres, as you may guess, are not plainly labelled as such. Like wands, they are everywhere and under many aspects. A wand may appear to the simple human to be sometimes a mere paint-brush, or a pen-holder, or a conductor's bâton, or a musician's bow, just a cheap fiddle-stick; it may be a mere pipe, from the bowl of which issue many glorious visions, or blurred and calmed memories. It may be a pole with a rag on top of it, the folds of which magically hold one's whole and immense country. It may be the engineer's yard-stick, it may be a chloroform-phial. It may be a cross, it may be a mast, it may be a gun, it may be a surgical instrument, a church spire, or a flute! Enchanted things all! And whatever shape it assumes, know the wand for what it is—and love and respect the common object!

I believe in wizards and witches, in fairies and furies. I believe in the impossible. I believe in the soul of the sea and the heart of the earth. I believe Lord Dunsany is one of the "little people" in spite of his six-feet-six, and that Mr. Chesterton is an elf! I believe that Faith, instead of levelling mountains, builds, on the contrary, peaks so proud and so high that they reach the very stars under God's feet.



AT THE RACES: THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

Lady Anglesey is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Her marriage to the sixth Marquess of Anglesey took place in 1912.—Lady Violet Charteris is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and the wife of the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, elder son of the Earl of Wemyss.—[Photographs by Topical.]

THE NICE DISTINCTION!



EFFIE (*finishing her devotions*): And please bless father and mother and all of us, and give us everything good—
and bless all our friends, and give them what's good for them.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SHADOWS AND SUSPECTS: WILLIAM J. BURNS TALKS.*

Seventy-Seven Explosions.

"The Masked War" was a terrible affair. Mr. Burns writes of it: "The war with dynamite was a war of Anarchy against the established form of government of this country [that is, of course, the United States]. It was masked under the cause of Labour." It reached its height on Oct. 1, 1910, when the *Los Angeles Times* building was blown up and twenty-one lives were lost. An incomplete list of outrages from the summer of 1905 until the period already mentioned includes seventy-seven instances of the use of dynamite or nitro-glycerine, to say nothing of an incendiary fire and a number of cases of sabotage.

Crank v. Crank. Yet it is not in the record of such crimes that the undoubted interest of Mr. Burns's narrative is to be found. The fascination is in following the pursuit, in noting the skill, courage, ingenuity, and tenacity of the detective and his "operatives." The value of "nerve" is proved again and again. Mr. Burns realised one day that the signal had been given to "get" him. "There was only one way, as I saw it, to have that order recalled," he writes. "I sent the operative back to this gentleman to inform him that if anything happened to me the same thing would happen to him. 'But, my God!' cried this gentleman from his swivel chair, 'some crank might kill him! I would not be responsible.' My operative reported to me. With another message my representative returned to the office of the gentleman. . . . He said: 'Mr. Blank, Mr. Burns asks me to tell you that if he is killed by a crank, another crank will kill you.' The suggestion about my withdrawal was hurriedly recalled."

The American Nest of Anarchy ; and "Guns." Think of the risk, too, in spying in an anarchists' colony—the nest of anarchy in the United States. "There are about 1200 of them living there without any regard for a single decent thing in life. They exist in a state of free love, are notoriously unfaithful to the mates thus chosen, and are so crooked that even in this class of rogues there does not seem to be any hint of honour. The colony did have a post-office, but when McKinley was assassinated the people of this community gave a celebration of the event ending in a debauch. The Government took the post-office away from them." Think, further, of the care the "shadow" must exercise when he is after a suspect who is an expert with "guns." It was boasted of one that whenever he pulled the trigger his man fell; that he could put a piece of paper as large as a hand on a tree, and at twenty-five paces put nine out of

ten bullets in the centre of it. Says Mr. Burns: "The bunch of men my operatives were tailing could stand off in the road and roll a tomato-can along with the bullets from their guns." And so dangerous were the conspirators that, we have the word of the detective, they were ready to follow the Los Angeles affair "with the complete destruction of the city of Los Angeles and the destruction of the Panama Canal with it. They had enough dynamite and nitro-glycerine to blow up half the cities of the country, and enough men to lay the mines."

Searching Out a "Dream."

A word now as to the persistence of those on the track. Nothing could exceed their care for detail: nothing seemed too insignificant to note, no time was too long to devote to a job, no risk was too great to be taken. So thorough was shadowing that one of the Burns men was able to tell an arrested suspect not only when and where he had bought the shoes he had on, but what his wife dreamed the night before he left home—saying, "She dreamed that the police were after you, and that you had drawn your pistol, and that you had shot yourself." And the apparently miraculous was simply brought about. The wife had been in the habit of consulting a fortune-teller. The shadow had consulted this lady also. The seer, knowing the strange ways of the wife, had "taken a chance" on the story of the police and the man. The woman, not wishing her husband to know that she consulted fortune-tellers, told him that she had dreamed the incidents.

Cash ; and a Greasy Floor.

As to detail: "This man had quite a large amount of currency, which he took from the inside pocket of his coat in a flat package, taking them from a book of some kind. He was apparently an Eastern man, judging from this." And: "We found a house rented by the dynamiters for the storage of nitro-glycerine, and here was required patient work by my operatives. The last of the explosive had been used from this depot, but the floor of the room, where the cans of nitro had been placed, showed the greasy stains from the sweating of the tins. That floor would make an exhibit in court. The owner of the house was about to rent it, and the tenant was anxious to get into the place. That meant scrubbing the greasy floor, of course. Scrubbing the floor would have meant the wiping out of the evidence. There was one way to preserve it. We were rather shy

of money, having spent a great deal in the investigation, and I could not afford to buy the house. We made a dicker with the owner and agreed to give him a new floor for the room if he gave us the old. This agreed to, my operatives numbered each board of the floor. After making photographs of it, I took it up and carried it to a place of safety."—A book to read.



WITH THE DETECTOPHONE: MR. WILLIAM J. BURNS, THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE, AND AUTHOR OF "THE MASKED WAR."



IN A FILM-PLAY, ILLUSTRATING MODERN INVESTIGATION METHODS, IN WHICH MR. BURNS APPEARED: REMOVING A CALENDAR AND DISCOVERING THE TRANSMITTER OF A DETECTOPHONE, THE CONSPIRATORS REALISE THAT THEIR CONVERSATION HAS BEEN OVERHEARD BY THE DETECTIVES.

The detectophone, an instrument favoured by Mr. Burns, is a sort of telephone of special sensitivity. The transmitter is hidden in any room in which it is believed plotting may take place, and the receiver is in another room occupied by detectives.

* "The Masked War." By William J. Burns. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



CONNIE: MANY THANKS FOR YOUR LONG LETTER.
WE THINK YOU SHOULD WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE NINETEEN
BEFORE BECOMING ENGAGED.
WE GAVE A SKETCH OF THE 'LITTLE BO-PEEP' BLOUSE IN
OUR LAST WEEK'S ISSUE."



RUBY: NO, LET NATURE ALONE, RUBY, AND DO NOT WORRY
ABOUT YOUR NOSE. YOU MIGHT APPLY A LITTLE COLD
CREAM AT NIGHT.
WE THINK IT UNWISE OF YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR FISH
BUSINESS FOR A THEATRICAL CAREER."



GLADYS: YOU SHOULD NOT WRITE TO YOUR FIANCÉE
MORE OFTEN THAN THREE TIMES A DAY.
THERE IS NO NECESSITY TO WEAR SPATS AT YOUR
SISTER'S WEDDING."



PHYLLIS NINETTE: THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION IS
VERY MUCH OVERCROWDED, AND WE SHOULD STRONGLY
ADVISE YOU, GIVING UP THE IDEA, ALTHOUGH, AS YOUR
PHOTOGRAPH PLAINLY SHOWS, — YOU CAN SMILE DELIGHTFULLY."

"AUNT JEMIMA" IN HER BEST VEIN.

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.



AN ORDER TO VIEW: A NONSENSICAL ROMANCE.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

HE, pipe in mouth, stood just inside the open front door, and regarded her.

She, paper in hand, stood on the worn brown mat just outside the open front door, and regarded him.

How long this interesting tableau would have lasted it is hard to say, for she broke it, quite crudely, by remarking—

"Good-afternoon. Can I see the house?"

He snatched the pipe from his mouth—rapt appreciation of the beauty of the tableau having prevented him doing so earlier in the game. His sleepy blue eyes, surrounded by spiky dark eyelashes that were criminally long, for a mere man, opened wide. Also his mouth.

"I—er—what did you say?" he murmured feebly.

She looked surprised. "Can I see the house?" she repeated, her lips puckering at the corners. "I have an order to view from Betsford, the estate agent in——"

He interrupted. "An order to view? From Betsford? I don't think I—may I see it?"

She extended the paper, between small gloved fingers.

"Y—yes. . . . Eleven bedrooms, one billiard-room, four—oh, yes, that's all right. There *are* eleven bedrooms! Won't you come in?"

"If you don't object," replied the girl, with gentle irony, and stepped off the worn brown mat on to the polished parquet which floored the hall.

He shut the door and looked at her. This time he saw *her*—previously, he might have been staring at a haystack, for all the good it did him.

She was worth looking at. Her clothes were beautifully simple: her little blue hat nestled right down on her dark brown hair as though it felt thoroughly at home and happy, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled—and she held an Order to View.

Striding across the hall, he flung wide a door and ushered her into a large room, principally inhabited by a holland-covered collection of chairs and sofas. Still she smiled.

Whisking the cover from a deep arm-chair, he rattled on, with strained joviality, "This is the—er—drawing-room. Try a chair, won't you? It's quite safe. I—you—'pon my soul, it's rather awkward!"

She turned her brown eyes full upon him, and he blinked under their scrutiny. They were such pretty eyes. In the clear sunlight his tweed coat looked—as, indeed, it was—decidedly antique, but excellent in cut. His hair was well brushed, his brogues were the right thing: in fact, *he* was the right thing—apart from his somewhat obtrusive pipe, which should have been hurled down the nearest drain-pipe and forgotten.

"Awkward?" echoed the girl. "I'm sorry—shall I come another day?"

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed, in genuine alarm. "Only the house is rather topsy-turvy: it hasn't been lived in for some time—and I'm alone here, with an old cook-nurse-housekeeper. She's rather deaf; that's why I——"

At this point his powers of speech deserted him, but she sprang nobly into the breach.

"Mr. Minton doesn't live here much, does he?" she inquired tentatively, and inspected him sideways. Her gloved fingers were busy pressing the slip of paper into fan-like folds.

"No, he doesn't," confessed the creature with the spiky eyelashes, and hesitated.

She took in his shabby coat, worn shoes, and general air of "has-been"-ness. Then she spoke again, in nervous haste.

"It's too bad of me to disturb you in this way, but we're so keen about the house. I—we live in the white bungalow, on the edge of the common."

"Then you are Miss Ellersley," he interrupted, "only daughter of the Coal King—I say, I beg your pardon!"

His distress was so real that she had to smile.

"Don't apologise," she laughed. "You see, I'm *not* Miss Ellersley—I'm just her companion, so I don't mind being called the Coal King's daughter a scrap!"

"That's jolly decent of you," he told her, with evident relief.

"By the way, I'm John Minton's secretary and man-of-all-work. So now we can fire ahead! . . . I wonder if you'll honour me by having tea with the Brown-Holland family and myself?" He swept an arm towards the apathetic furniture.

"If the cook-nurse-housekeeper feels equal to the task, I should love it!" she told him gravely.

"My name is Elliot," he proceeded, "and I'll get things in working order, if you'll excuse me. . . . There are eleven bedrooms, remember, so you'll need strengthening, won't you?"

After a rapid tea-hunt Mr. Elliot returned, splendidly clean, accompanied by a tray laden with crockery and a plate of buns.

"Will you risk one?" he wanted to know.

And she did. It was a curious tea-party, but he enjoyed it better than any similar function within memory.

"Forgive me if I seem inquisitive," he remarked. "But why do you—the Ellersleys, I mean—want to move? The White Bungalow's awfully jolly, isn't it?"

She shook her head. "It's gloomy," she said, with real feeling. "And we—well, we've always coveted this house. Whenever Miss Ellersley passes it she says she longs to come inside—and live here. It's so—so romantic, so old-world! And when she heard that it belonged to a man called Minton, and that he never lived in it because he couldn't afford to keep it up, and spent his days in London working at something or other—well, it made her mad. It seems such wicked waste!"

Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks were pink. Studying her over his tea-cup, he thought she harmonised exquisitely with the room, the house—everything. It was such a long time since a woman had taken tea in that room, chaperoned by the Brown-Holland family!

"It is wicked waste!" he agreed, dealing harshly with the sugar. "I've always told Minton so; but, you see, we—er—simply couldn't keep it up—and couldn't bear to part with it, either. So we put the 'cook-nurse-housekeeper' in charge, and let it drift, hoping for better times. There was a chance, don't you know, just a remote chance that——"

"Mr. Minton might be better off one day?" She had finished tea, and was fingering the "Order to View" again, nervously.

"That's it. When a place like this has been in the family, it's simply beastly to think of parting with it!"

She flushed. "I'm sure it is. Still, Mr. Minton's bad fortune will prove good luck for the Ellersleys."

His eyebrows ascended inquiringly.

"I mean, if they get this house," she explained. "A few weeks ago, when we saw Betsford, the estate agent, about some business over the bungalow, he told us Mr. Minton had decided to let his house, unfurnished. He gave Miss Ellersley an Order to View. She's tried to come several times herself, and to-day she sent me to inspect it for her, and report."

"I'm glad I happened to be here," said his grave voice, and his eyes said a great deal more than his voice.

"So am I," came her rejoinder. Then the conversation languished horribly. He cleared his throat and flicked at the sofa-cover. She refolded her slip of paper, and grew slowly pink.

"I—I didn't come here for tea," she said at last, with a nervous laugh. "It's very nice of you to 'strengthen' me, as you call it—but don't you think I'd better get on with the 'viewing' process?"

He rose, and stood scraping one brogue shoe along the carpet.

"Certainly," he began, with a marked absence of alacrity. "Oh, certainly—are you *sure* you won't have another bun?"

She was quite sure. In fact, she rose and faced him, to prove her sureness.

"Which is the way?" she asked.

He swallowed, twice, and twisted a member of the Brown-Holland family into an excellent imitation of a piece of rope.

"Well," he managed to utter at length, "it's rather difficult—rather awkward."

"You said that before," she reminded him—"when I arrived, you know."

"Did I? Well, it's just as awkward now. In fact, more so."

His air was tragic, his brow was furrowed. He craved the

[Continued overleaf.]

A "SKETCH" TRIO.



THE MAGISTRATE (to Mrs. O'Scrap): Don't you think you and your husband could live together without fighting?
MRS. O'SCRAP: No, yer 'Anner; that is, not 'appily.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



"Mary, why didn't you sound the dinner-gong?"
"Please 'm, I couldn't find it."
"Why, there it is on the hall table!"
"Please 'm, you said this morning that was the breakfast-gong."

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.



THE CONVIVIAL TANGOER (encouragingly, to the constable who is endeavouring to take him into custody): Shay! How many stepsh can you do?

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

friendly support of a pipe. He wished the floor would open and swallow the girl in the blue hat—and yet he knew that if it *did* he would leap down the chasm in her wake. . . . Such is love, when caught on the door-step and developed under the apathetic gaze of the Brown-Holland family.

She was regarding him steadfastly, and he quaked.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured. "Oh, dear me! Look here, little lady; I'm going to tell you the truth!"

Her eyes flickered. "Do," she begged him.

He breathed deeply, and looked out of the window. "I'm Minton!" he blurted forth, in a fierce hurry. "I never had a secretary: Elliot is one of my names—the middle one, I think—and I'm utterly miserable, because I wouldn't have deceived you for the world; only—the house—What are you laughing at?"

"You!" she gasped feebly. "Oh, dear, what a fearful fuss—and I knew, all the time!"

"You *knew*?" He was really agitated.

"Yes: I passed you in the village yesterday, and somebody told me your name."

"This is frightful," he stuttered. "Why did you allow me to go on deceiving you like this?"

The girl stopped laughing, quite suddenly.

"Because I was deceiving you, too," she stated, in a queer, strangled voice. "When you opened the door, I recognised you at once, and I thought you'd simply *hate* showing me over your own house—and I wanted to see it so much; so I turned myself into my own companion. You were perfectly right in addressing me as Miss Ellersley. I *am* the Coal King's daughter—and I think your house is the loveliest place in the world!"

He digested this information silently. The worried look was vanishing from his sleepy eyes.

"Now we've both confessed," continued the Coal King's daughter, "I think we may cry quits—and I'd better start viewing the house."

The worried look came back with a rush.

"Just a minute!" he begged, with an anguished expression.

"We're not quits yet. The worst is still to come! Miss Ellersley—dear lady, I—I have deceived you doubly—and plead guilty, very guilty."

She turned sharply. "What are you trying to tell me?" she asked. "Do hurry up—it's getting so late, and the house is waiting."

He drew himself up and faced her, planting himself in front of the door. "Sweet lady, lately companion to Miss Ellersley," he began, "there's been a little mistake. *My house is not to let!*"

"Not—to—let—"

"No. A few weeks ago, an aged relative departed to another sphere, and considerably left me enough money to inhabit my own home in future. I'm staying here, picnicking, while my solicitors fix things up. Jove—it's fine to be home again! . . . Sweet lady, I went to the estate agent yesterday and removed my house from his books."

He spread out his hands expressively.

"I'm so sorry!" he concluded.

Her face, pink as a rosebud, was hidden from his gaze.

"Why didn't you say so when I came?" she demanded.

He took his courage in both hands. "Because I didn't want you to go away!" he stated bravely. "I wanted you to stay—a long time. I wanted you to see the house, and like it—because—because—well, never mind why. . . . Anyhow, if I'd told you, straight away, it would have spoiled everything!"

Slowly, she tore the fan-like strip of paper into tiny pieces, and dropped them at his feet.

"So much for my Order to View," she sighed. "And now—good-bye."

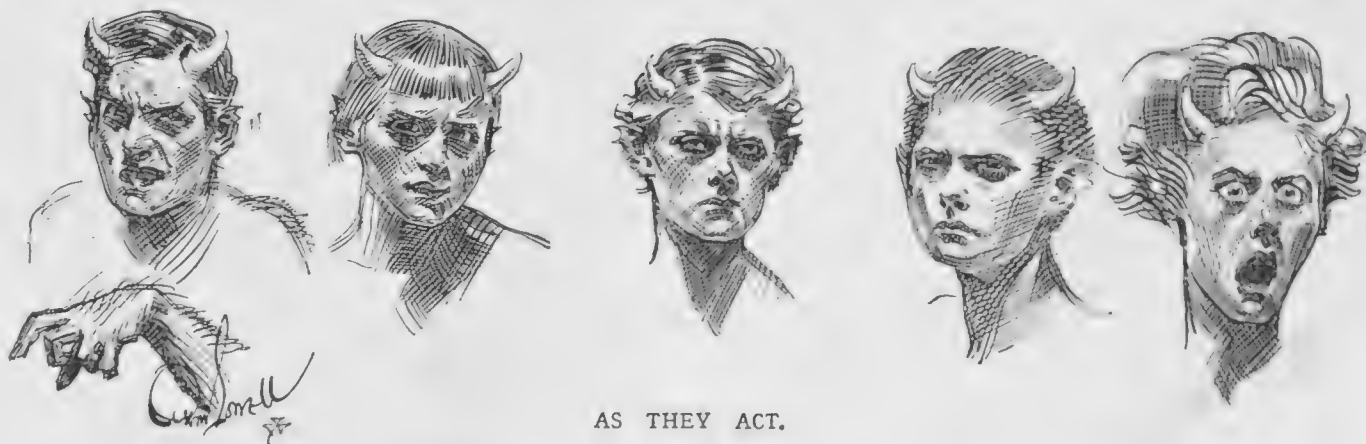
He took her hand—her unresisting hand.

"Do you intend to remain Miss Ellersley all your life?" he asked quietly. "Lots of people need companions, you know. I do, for instance. . . . A wife has been a luxury beyond my means in the past. But in the future—Won't you come and see the house? . . ."

They climbed the stairs, in silence, side by side.



AS THEY LOOK.



AS THEY ACT.



AS THEY SOUND.



ON THE LINKS

THE GUTTY TEST MATCH: OXFORD V CAMBRIDGE: THE IGNORANT SPECTATOR AND THE CINEMA.

The Season Opens. The golf season has really begun. There was evidence of it in many places and in different ways a few days ago—as, for instance, the case of a person closely associated with the big events that take place in the season, who, perceiving the necessity of being at Sandy Lodge on the occasion of what came to be known as the gutty test match, and being the night before some eighty miles from the scene of the morning's action, with no train communication therewith, set himself to motor along a big part of the intervening distance in the middle of

He may do that as it is, but I think his prospects would be enhanced more than those of any other player if the change were made, and the matter had not been looked upon in that way before the Sandy Lodge business.

Troubles of the Future.

But apart altogether from any questions of the play, Sandy Lodge did teach many people who are in different ways closely associated with golf and its future that there is a troublesome time ahead with the general and non-golfing public unless some severe and sensible measures are taken forthwith. The game is going ahead at an enormous rate just now, and it really stands in no need of advertisement. It is not a spectacular game, and it is to be hoped that it never will be—that is to say, a game to attract thousands of people to watch it who have never played and never will do. A very large proportion of the spectators at the gutty test were absolutely ignorant of the game, and they had been led there by the idlest curiosity. We do not want that in golf, and everybody associated with the game who has any influence whatever should do his best to stop it. While I was watching the play a man in front of me said to a friend who was with him, "Isn't that Vardon?" and the answer was "No; it's Taylor." The player to whom they referred was neither Vardon nor Taylor, but Braid—and these three are the greatest golfers who have ever lived! We do not want this kind of thing hanging on to us at our great golf events: we have trouble enough with the real golfing crowds. Again, the cinema people were far too much in evidence, and threaten a new danger. I hear that they have applied for permission to operate at the forthcoming Amateur Championship at Sandwich, and I am glad that Mr. Ryder Richardson has given them an emphatic refusal. To see a ring of them round Taylor and all their machines whirring while he was playing a difficult shot from a bunker was, without exception, the most painful thing in the way of ungolflike human impediment that I have ever seen on a golf-course. Times have indeed changed. I have nothing against the cinema; it gives great delight and much instruction to hundreds of thousands of people who are much the better for it. But the cinema and golf do not go together, and shall not. Despite all the hurry and rush of getting there, it was a sweet



OXFORD VERSUS CAMBRIDGE AT GOLF: THE WINNERS—OXFORD.

From left to right are (standing) Messrs. *H. B. Stokoe, *E. L. Bury, R. W. May, *O. C. Bristowe, H. S. Malik; (sitting) *R. H. Jobson, J. B. Crole, *W. F. C. McClure, and A. G. Barry. Those starred won their matches.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

the night, that the beginning of the affair might not be unobserved by him at a quarter to eleven in the morning. It has seldom happened that the real start of the season has been a matter of such violent rush and some confusion as it has been this time, and it was certainly unfortunate that two such events as the one referred to and the University match should have been arranged to take place on consecutive days. Had the University sides, who fixed their own date long ago when nothing else was mentioned, not changed their day to suit, the two things would have been happening at the same time. For a long time past the University match has been looked upon as a kind of semi-official opening of the season, the preparations for it have been smooth and easy, and we have gone forward from that event to those that took place afterwards in a complacent state of mind. It is different this year, with all the whirl and rush, and there will be so very much more of it in a few weeks from now.

The Success of Braid.

The gutty match was interesting enough in its way. It was rather curious to find George Duncan driving the longest ball with the gutty in the special driving tests. Certainly he is one of the longest drivers we have now, and one of the finest in every way; but Duncan does hate the gutty, and for his part he would not care if there had never been such a thing in existence. Again, it was, if not curious, decidedly interesting to find James Braid doing better with it in the long second shots than anyone else. There is no man who is so good at getting distance with a golf-ball, when the ball is in difficulties and distance is hard to get, as Braid. He can bring scientifically applied force to bear on a troublesome situation better than anyone else, and he did so on this occasion, leaving many of us with the idea that if indeed by any impossible chance the solid ball were restored to its old place on the links, he would become a champion many times over again.

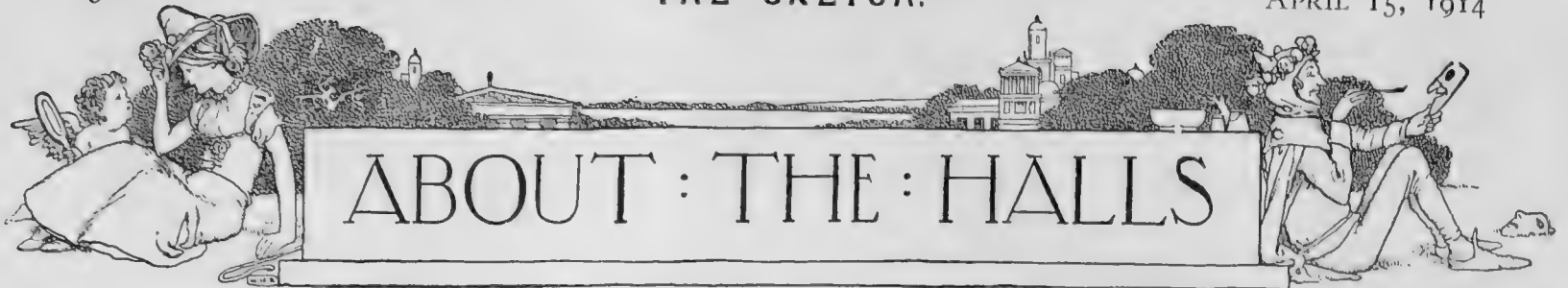


OXFORD VERSUS CAMBRIDGE AT GOLF: THE LOSERS—CAMBRIDGE.

From left to right are (standing) Messrs. O. Lyttelton, R. E. Wilson, *H. J. T. Neilson, *H. Wesley Smith, B. H. Swift; (sitting) R. S. Richardson, *R. B. Vincent, R. G. C. Yerburch, and *R. P. Humphries. Those starred won their matches.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

change from Sandy Lodge to the University match at Rye—such a very delightful change. There it was the real thing, and I could have wished that that had been the one and only opening of the season.

HENRY LEACH.



AT THE HOLBORN EMPIRE, THE PAVILION, AND THE PALLADIUM.

AT the Holborn Empire the other evening I found a large audience intent upon the attractions provided for it. These were varied in character, extending from Rameses the Magician, showing the Complete Appearance of the Goddess of Fire, to Mr. James Fawn, the Popular Comedian, who, as usual, represented the genial side of pronounced alcoholism. Mr. Fawn is one of the oldest types to be witnessed upon the music-hall stage, and his hiccougs alone are sufficient to drive anything in the nature of melancholia from the bosoms of his hearers. Then Horace Hunter and Co. gave a performance of a piece entitled "The Years Between," which was announced as a sequel to "Under Suspicion," with which I am, unfortunately, not acquainted, but which did not apparently call for any deep knowledge of its predecessor. The scene is laid in the house of one Van Holtz on the Dover Cliffs, to which we see the owner return to his wife from Prussia. He brings with him a man whose release he has secured from prison and whom he thinks to be her brother, but who is really her husband. Then enters a Russian officer, who makes a great fuss, but is treated with genial scorn by Van Holtz, who drives him from the premises with contempt. Then he says good-bye to the pair, and the curtain falls. When it again rises, eight years have elapsed, and Van Holtz is alone with his old servant, to whom he converses for a while, and then decides that he will hear his wife's voice upon the gramophone. The lights are lowered and the song begins, and then the door opens and his wife enters and flings herself into his arms. Her husband is dead, and she is free to return to him again. This little piece goes very well indeed with the audience, and Miss Lily Hammersley plays her part excellently. The character of Van Holtz is also cleverly enacted—whether by Horace Hunter or not I cannot tell. Suffice it to say that the performance appeared to be just what the Holborn audience was prepared to enjoy thoroughly.

In Piccadilly Circus.

At the Pavilion one evening last week I found a diversified programme keeping a fairly large audience very well amused. There was much that was new to be heard, and the hearers were bent upon hearing it and giving it a cordial reception. The item after the interlude was, as usual, the chief attraction. It consisted of a Musical Scena, written by Harry Vernon, entitled "Seeing Things," which was played by Miss Perle Barti, and Mr. Maurice E. Whittaker. In this the stage was largely occupied by musical instruments, on the right being an organ and on the left a piano, and on these the gentleman passed most of his time accompanying the lady in the singing of

divers songs. They represented a more or less newly married couple, and after some talking and some singing the curtain was lowered for a moment, rising to exhibit the pair years afterwards discoursing of their children's successes in life. After a further curtain descent, they resumed their former costumes, singing a little more, and then the turn was over. Miss Perle Barti, as Edith Dean, the wife, sings with good effect, and she is ably accompanied on the organ and piano by Mr. Whittaker. Her first experiment is made with "Buying Strawberries," from "Songs of Old London," set by Mr. Herbert Oliver; her second, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," with music by Mr. Frederick Clay; and last of all she gives "Queen of the Roses," which is the work of the first-named composer. All these she sings with taste and with feeling, but there is little more to be said. The Scena is simply written with the set purpose of introducing them, and when its purpose has been effected it terminates. It was, however, distinctly relished by the house on the night on which I was present.



THE CHARM OF "CARROTS": THE RED-HEADED TWINS (MISS VIOLET AND MAIDIE CALDECOTT) BEING ENGAGED AS MANNEQUINS, IN "THE RED HEADS."

Paris frequented by Apaches, Gigottes, and the like, who are all set out in full activity. To this place comes a party of visitors, including the Baron and Baroness Montague and the Countess (her Ladyship's niece), who are in search of nocturnal fun. In due course we are introduced to La Gosseline, played by Mlle. Edné Mollon, who dances "La Danse des Fortifs" with Mr. George Shurley, and, later, "La Danse Noire" with M. Henri de Bray. These performances work the old Baron to a lofty pitch of enjoyment, which is suddenly

damped by the stabbing of one performer by the other, when his sole idea is to escape. This he effects at considerable cost to himself, for the rascals have relieved him of the major portion of his belongings before he retires, and immediately afterwards the supposed corpse rises from the ground and proceeds to participate in the plunder secured from the Baron prior to his departure. The piece is played with considerable effect, and the climax is admirably devised and sustained.

Mlle. Edné Mollon plays the part of La Gosseline with great skill and vivacity, and she is very well assisted by the male dancers. The whole thing is most realistically done, and the point is well concealed until the psychological moment arrives for its disclosure. The dancing is finely executed, and the audience is kept excited and amused from start to finish.

ROVER.



TWELVE FLAMES AND ONE SPARK: THE RED-HEADED BEAUTY CHORUS OF "THE RED HEADS," AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

"The Red Heads," "a breezy and original burlesque," was put on at the Palace for a two weeks' run commencing on April 6. The book is by Mr. William Le Baron, and the music by Mr. Robert Hood Bowers. Our readers will remember that an account of the piece appeared on this page in our issue of the 8th. Our representative at the Halls, who had seen it recently at the Victoria Palace, described it as very bright and amusing, and the red-headed beauty chorus as "extremely comely."—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys]



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONTEST: TOURIST TROPHY PROSPECTS: MOTOR-BOATING AT MONACO.

The Grand Prix. What a glorious race we shall have, to be sure, for the 1914 Grand Prix of France! The entry-list includes no fewer than forty-one cars—and such cars! There are several “dark horses,” it is true, but that fact of itself intensifies the glamour of the contest; while the array of cars of world-wide fame is quite extraordinary, and points emphatically to that revival of interest in automobile racing which I foreshadowed some three or four months ago. Great Britain will be represented by Sunbeam and Vauxhall teams of three each; France has entered four teams—of the Peugeot, Delage, Alda, and Th. Schneider respectively; Italy will have eleven cars, with teams of the Fiat, Nazzaro, and Aquila-Italiana, and two Cæsars; for Germany a string of five Mercedes

Sunbeam (3), Vauxhall (3), Straker-Squire (2), Star (2), and a Crossley. The foreign cars comprise three Minervas and an S.A.V.A. from Belgium, three Adlers from Germany, a Martini from Switzerland, a D.F.P. from France, and an unnamed car (possibly American) entered by the Rawlinson-Hudson Motor Car Company. The race will be an engine test in the main, for there is no restriction as to the amount of fuel, and no stipulation as to the fitting of fully equipped touring bodies; and as the maximum imposed for the cubic capacity of the cylinders is as high as 3310 cubic centimetres, the cars will be powerful enough to put up a good turn of speed, so far as the difficult course will allow. The Tourist Trophy is the prize offered by the Royal Automobile Club, but this has been supplemented by the

Daily Telegraph's cash prizes of £1000 to the winner, £250 to the second, £300 as a team prize, and £100 as a fuel prize, to be won by the best performer on some other fuel than pure petrol. There is also the Henry Edmunds Trophy to be considered; it will fall to the car which makes the best aggregate in the sixteen ascents of the long hill from Ramsey to the Bungalow, provided that it also finishes the race. As the contest will extend over two days, at 300 miles a day, the second stage will be peculiarly interesting, both as regards forecasting the winner of the Trophy and the prospects of the various teams, to say nothing of the fuel prize and the speed on hills in relation to the Edmunds Trophy.

The Monaco Fortnight. The most enjoyable place in Europe to be dwelling in at the present moment is undoubtedly the Principality of Monaco. Monte Carlo is at its brightest so far as the weather and natural beauty are concerned, while it is all the more agreeable from the fact that the season is



WHEN THEY DIDN'T GO AFTER THE GIRL! MISS ISOBEL ELSOM, LEADING LADY AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, TAKES HER FIRST AEROPLANE FLIGHT, WITH M. GUSTAV HAMEL.

Photograph by Alfieri.

will swoop down, together with three Opels; while two Nagants for Belgium and two Piccard-Pictets for Switzerland complete the list. Now the Sunbeams and Vauxhalls are old enemies of the Peugeots and Delages in the Grand Prix, and the struggle between these two sides alone will be worth the journey to the Lyons Circuit on July 4. But while they are fighting their Anglo-French battle, they will be conjointly threatened by an unusually formidable army of German and Italian cars. The Fiats and Nazzaros will be dangerous, and know the racing game from A to Z; but what of the Mercedes? The mere fact that five cars have been entered by the great Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft shows that the firm is out for blood and will leave no stone unturned to ensure a victory. Never since the Gordon-Bennett Cup days has a race been so replete with international interest. Incidentally, moreover, it should settle two points of mechanical discussion. The Peugeot cars, in the first place, are to be fitted with front-wheel brakes—an innovation of no small importance, and one which may have far-reaching effects upon touring-car construction in the future; while, in the second place, the Swiss Piccard-Pictets will be fitted with single-sleeve-valve motors of the Argyll type, and their success in so strenuous a contest would not only be a feather in the cap of British designers, but would establish the reliability of this form of motor in a field in which it has not often hitherto been tried.

The “T.T.” Race. Before the Grand Prix has been fought and won, however, British sportsmen will have enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing what is destined to prove the liveliest race ever held on British territory, for the Tourist Trophy contest in the Isle of Man, in June, has produced four-and-twenty entries, mostly of a class which makes it impossible to discount their chances in advance or to attempt to pick the winner. English cars predominate, and the final entries are as follows: Humber (3),



“FEELING EVEN MORE SECURE THAN WHEN IN THE UPSIDE-DOWN FLIGHT ACT OF “HULLO, TANGO!”: MR. HARRY TATE AND MISS ETHEL LEVEY AS PASSENGERS OF MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME WHITE.

Mr. Tate and Miss Levey did not take a flight at Hendon. Evidently, their flying in “Hullo, Tango!” is enough to satisfy them.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

nearing its close and the hotels are no longer overcrowded. Added to all this, however, is the fact that the great annual fixture, the motor-boating fortnight at Monaco, is in full swing. This year's programme is not only as exciting as ever in respect of the contests for supremacy among the powerful racing craft with their enormous engines, and the more useful if less alluring cruisers, but it also includes an entirely new class of contest in the shape of races for gliders fitted with aerial engines and propellers. So far nothing very great has been accomplished on land by means of the aeroplane drive for cars, but it will be interesting to note what the final verdict is as to its possibilities for marine work. This year, by the way, the competitors generally will enjoy a more comfortable anchorage than in previous years, as the harbour of Monaco has been provided with a new breakwater with a twin-towered entrance.

Continued on a later page.



THE preliminary list of Covent Garden subscribers, headed by the King and Queen, contains most of the accustomed names, from Lady Ripon and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild to Sir Edgar Speyer and Mrs. Moscockle. The list is never without a flavour of its own. In parts it reads like the report of a race-meeting, in other parts like the roll of subscribers to a Mansion House Fund; it has, most of all, the sound of the City; but for all its composite make-up it keeps a strong character of its own. Raciness and finance, cosmopolitanism and the counties, are admirably mingled in such groups as Mrs. Hall Walker, Mr. Otto Beit, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Lockett Agnew, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Lady Mond, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Ludwig Neumann, and Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt. Needless to say, one name in every three has a Teutonic ending.

Niches for Nikisch.

Though the preliminary list for the Opera is filled with Fleischmanns and Neumanns, Mayers and Meyers, Speyers and Goldschmidts and Schroeders, the German Ambassador and Princess Lichnowsky did not appear on it. Needless to say, a niche for the Nikisch performances is reserved for them: their presence is taken for granted by the secret councils of the Covent Garden Cabinet. Much less certain is the filling

Harley Street does not hold itself to be immune: nor, indeed, is there any class that wears its moustaches without going in peril of an occasional attack. Mr. Winston Churchill, when for a fortnight he refrained from shaving his upper lip, learned the surprising frankness of Society. Even at dinner he was told what his neighbour thought of his experiment. One young woman remarked, towards dessert time, that she liked neither his politics nor his moustache. Having discovered that she had designs for her sex on the House of Commons, he was able to retort, "Never mind. You are not likely to come into close contact with either."

A Golden Where-is-It.

Lady Richmond Ritchie has joined the legion of "ladies of title," "noblemen," and other distinguished persons who have sought the consolation of the auction-rooms. Some of Lady Ritchie's Thackeray drawings and scrap-books were sold last week at Sotheby's along with the Persian manuscripts of an anonymous Countess. Lady Ritchie, naturally, preferred to publish a name that provided in one word the complete pedigree of the things she was selling—the literary and artistic relics of her father. An attractive feature, from the dealers' point of view, of one of the note-books offered was a list of American



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD CHARLES GRAVES - SAWLE: MISS MURIEL HEATON-ELLIS.

Miss Heaton-Ellis is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Heaton-Ellis, of Wyddial Hall, Buntingford, Hertfordshire. Mr. Graves-Sawle, of the Coldstreams, is the only son of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Graves-Sawle, Bt., of Penrice, St. Austell, Cornwall, and Barley, near Exeter.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. LEWIS ASPINALL AFTER EASTER: MISS MARGARET MIDDLETON.



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET MIDDLETON AFTER EASTER: MR. LEWIS ASPINALL.

Miss Middleton is the second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Middleton, of Stuart Lodge, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire. Mr. Aspinall, late of the 21st Lancers, is the son of the late Colonel Aspinall, of Standen Hall, Clitheroe. — Lieutenant Holt is the



ENGAGED TO MISS E. C. DAY: LIEUTENANT R. V. HOLT, R.N.

second son of Mr. Vesey G. M. Holt, of Mount Mascall, Bexley. Miss Day is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. V. Day, A.S.C., and of Mrs. Day, of Lawford House, Manningtree. — [Photographs by Swaine and Langfier.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT R. V. HOLT, R.N.: MISS E. C. DAY.

of some other notable blanks. In all the three or four hundred names of the first list of subscribers there can be found not more than half-a-dozen active politicians; and Lord Crewe and Mr. Walter Runciman are the sole representatives of official Liberalism.

At His Majesty's. The Duke of Westminster, who is now closely connected by marriage with the leading lady at His Majesty's Theatre, was not in town for the signing of the surprising alliance at a Kensington Registrar's. He had left England three days before, without a guess of a marriage in the family. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's secret was kept all too well, for by the time that her interesting news got about all the seats for the first night of "Pygmalion" had been booked, and often by the wrong people. It might have been a *première* tinged with the excitement of a wedding reception if only the right people had known in time.

A Piece of Winston's Lip.

A doctor is generally of all men the most secure against personal remarks. His mission in life is to discuss another's weaknesses and to set his fellows at their ease, but a recent case in the Courts shows that

addresses in Thackeray's autograph. "Roosevelt, 836, Broadway" is an entry that will give rise to speculation; and there were others that inspired the bidders with more definite hopes of finding American customers for the treasure.

"Time, Gentlemen, Time!"

Lord Bessborough's strong demand for the removal of the restrictions at present attaching to the hours kept by restaurants and to the intoxicants kept at hotels comes from a man who mixes a wide experience of the world with the liveliest sort of business capacity. His appeal may, on the whole, be judged as sufficiently impersonal. He has no wild desire to keep late hours in the capital; his zest for the fresh airs of Bessborough in Kilkenny, and for the purling stream at the bottom of his garden exceeds all the emotions of the town. Moreover, Lord Bessborough has known too many really stimulating hours during the course of his career to take more than a business man's interest in the 12.30 rule or its extension. He had journeyed round the world and helped to capture a slave-dhow before he was fifteen, and of recent years he has been at the rudder of half-a-dozen important financial enterprises.



LIEUTENANT W. C. HICKS, R.N., AND MISS NELLIE KAY, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR EASTERTIDE.

Lieutenant Hicks, of the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, is the son of the late Captain C. P. Giffin Hicks, R.N. Miss Kay is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kilbourne Kay, of Heron Lodge, Worcester. — [Photographs by Sarony.]





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Dancers.

Adeline Genée, the sylph-like and wistful, is dancing her farewell to the public at the Coliseum. The "good-bye" of a dancer is dumb-show, but sometimes more eloquent than a torrent of rhetoric. In some ways Genée is the ideal Terpsichorean artist of her time, her small, expressive face adding greatly to the charm of her gestures. Pavlova, for instance, has the lineaments of a tragic muse; her austere, handsome face might have been carved by Michael Angelo, and it ill accords with the short fluffy skirts and pink stockings of a ballerina. Thus, the famous Russian only looks her best when she appears in the classic robe and vine-leaves which she dons in the famous "Bacchanale." But Genée can wear anything—the hoop and powder of La Camargo, short, conventional tulle skirts, or the robe of a Dryad, in which she appears in Dora Bright's pretty and pathetic ballet. And so young, so agile, so graceful is this exquisite dancer that I cannot believe that this is a real and irrevocable farewell to the stage and its triumphs, but that later on we shall still see Adeline Genée peeping wistfully from her oak, and learning what mortals have to learn, that even shepherds are not faithful.

Who Are the Serious Readers?

The author of "The New Machiavelli" has recently been telling us that "women are more serious [than men] not only about life, but about books." If, in the unimportant mass, they are great devourers of unintellectual fiction, the feminine *élite* are the great supporters of the Poet, for without his women readers and buyers, I am told, he could not make his daily bread. Then, too, every year the standard of excellence is raised, and books which seemed important and well written in the 'nineties now have a somewhat exaggerated and tawdry air. It is not so much that works of great consequence in history, biography, or criticism are being produced, for nearly all the talent of the day is turned on to the novel, which is, at the moment, not so much "fiction" as a serious arraignment of our present civilisation. This applies also to the stage, where the most interesting dramas of recent years are a challenge and a denunciation. And, as women chiefly support the theatre, we have here another proof of the seriousness of their outlook. "Among readers," declares our essayist, "women and girls and young men will insist upon having their novels significant and real." It is the City man, the Party hack, and the club-lounger who are content with trivialities and sentimental pictures of a life which does not exist.

A New Diana of the Ephesians.

Mrs. Roger Watts—who is appropriately named Diana—aims at nothing less momentous than a Renaissance of the Greek Ideal, so far as the body of the modern Briton is concerned. It would be difficult to revive the intellectual curiosity, the love of rhetoric for its own sake,

the passion for argument of the ancient Greeks, for we are a somewhat inarticulate nation, and not specially preoccupied with ideas. But physical perfection appeals to our upper and middle classes to an extraordinary degree nowadays, and Mrs. Watts' book, with its pictures of Hellenic sculpture, and her amazing reproductions, in her own statuesque person; of both masculine and feminine masterpieces, will inevitably appeal to modern English people. This enthusiast for poise and control actually journeyed to Japan to learn the art of ju-jitsu in the land of its birth, and she has spent years in achieving the amazing balance, the exquisite gestures and poses which she has at last placed before her contemporaries, urging them to do likewise.

The secret of her success, she tells us, is that of combining will-power with tension of the muscles, for only in this way can complete equilibrium be obtained. And not only bodily equipoise, but mental stability and calm can be acquired by training the body in the right way. The secret of the Greeks was lost for many centuries, but we are beginning to perceive that the radiant peace which we see on the faces of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles was brought about by caring for the body as well as the soul.

That Sapphire Room.

When you have seen Mr. Randall Wells' decorations at Sapphire Lodge, Vincent Square—the wonderful blue bed-room trailed over by the flowers of the field, and with niches of vellum on which are inscribed, in soft gold lettering, verses from "The Sensitive Plant"—you are hopelessly out of conceit with your ordinary surroundings and the conventional decorations of 1914. The Sapphire sleeping-room, to be sure, is intended for a graceful lady—for one cannot picture a reveler from a late dancing-club or *chemin-de-fer* kicking off his boots in such exquisite surroundings—so that toilet-table, painted glass basins and ewers, and a cupboard made of glass to display embroidered dresses, all contribute to the beautiful effect. Except in the dining-room, blue is the note of Sapphire Lodge, and the staircase, inlet with painted slabs

under glass, and with mats of soft blue velvet where you tread, is a notable improvement on our commonplace "stairs." Mr. Randall Wells believes in the use of brilliant colours in London, and in the dining-room which he has decorated there are corner-cupboards with insides of vivid flame, and filled with gilded china. When dessert appears, the electric-lights above are turned off, the doors fly open, and the room is in semi-darkness, except for these fire-coloured corners, which are brilliantly lighted within. There is something of the romance of modern life in this sudden transformation of a room planned in simple greys and blacks to such a joyous outburst of colour, and one can imagine the zest it would give to that best of all conversation, that which takes place over the walnuts and the wine.



THE "THREE-DECKER" TUNIC AND OTHER EFFECTS: NEW PARIS FROCKS.

The frock in the centre is made of nutmeg-coloured cloth, with a three-decker tunic. The wide belt of the same material crosses over above the waist-line in front, and is trimmed with soutache. On the left is a dress made of sapphire-blue charmeuse, which has a draped tunic and short-waisted coatee. The vest and wired collar are made of white muslin. The right-hand toilette is made all in one, of black charmeuse. The upper part of the bodice and sleeves are of black Ninon.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, F.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 28

SOME OIL SHARES.

THE Oil Market has been one of the busiest sections of the Stock Exchange of late, and prices have gone ahead in a manner which may almost be described as sensational. The advance has been pretty general throughout the list, but the chief interest has centred round the shares of those Companies which work on the Gosny field, such as North Caucasian, New Caucasian, and West Caucasian. The first-mentioned Company has been a speculative favourite for some time, and, in view of the consistently satisfactory output figures, the present price can hardly be called excessive. On the other hand, the dividend announcement is due before very long, and, as we pointed out last week, we think that it may lead to some disappointment. It must not be forgotten that the Shell people are largely interested, and their finance has always been on the most conservative lines.

The general belief seems to be that the same group are behind the recent rise in New Caucasians, but this we are inclined to doubt. As far as we can ascertain, other interests are anxious to get control of this Company, and are, if anything, more likely to succeed than the Shell people. Whatever may be the result, however, we consider the shares a good gamble. West Caucasians have also been bought by knowing people, and, as a matter of fact, we believe the market has gone ahead here rather faster than those behind the scenes would have liked, with the result that one deal at all events has failed to come off because the shares had jumped.

About the time these notes appear the prospectus of a new Company—called, we believe, "Tchmoeff"—will make its appearance, and as it comes out under very good auspices, we are inclined to think those who care to take the obvious risks of such a proposition are likely to make a profit. It will almost certainly be over-subscribed.

HIGH-YIELDING INVESTMENTS.

It is quite clear from our correspondence that there are a great many people who are willing to take a reasonable amount of risk over their investments, or part of them, in order to obtain a yield of somewhere about 6 per cent. We have on occasion suggested securities which offer such a yield, and to-day we propose to confine our choice to Home Industrials, not because we necessarily consider such investments preferable, but because we know that many people feel that they are better able to follow the fortunes of such concerns.

An investment of £500 in the manner suggested below would return a yield slightly over 6 per cent., and, although hardly suitable for those to whom security is of paramount importance, we do not consider that the risk of serious loss is very great.

| No. of Shares. | Name of Company. | Buying Price. | Total Cost. | Annual Income. |
|----------------|--|---------------|-------------|----------------|
| 80 | J. Sears and Co. 7 per cent. Cum. Pref. | 13-16 | £95 0 0 | £5 12 0 |
| 100 | Selfridge 6 per cent. Pref. | 21s. | 105 0 0 | 6 0 0 |
| 120 | William Whiteley 4½ per cent. Cum. Pref. | 17s. 1½d. | 102 15 0 | 5 8 0 |
| 20 | Anglo-Continental Supply 8 per cent. Cum. Pref. | 5 1-8 | 102 10 0 | 8 0 0 |
| 10 | St. James' and Pall Mall Electric Light Co. Ord. | 9½ | 97 10 0 | 6 0 0 |
| | | Total | £502 15 0 | 31 0 0 |

J. Sears and Co. (Trueform Boot Co.), Ltd., did very well last year. The net profit, after allowing for depreciation, amounted to £57,000, and the dividend on the Ordinary shares was raised to 12½ per cent., against 10 per cent. a year ago. £10,000 was placed to general reserve, bringing the total of that fund up to £20,000, and £10,000 was written off preliminary expenses; £5132 was carried forward. The total amount of Preference shares outstanding amount to £175,000, which require £12,250 per annum in interest, so it will be seen that the dividend is very well covered.

Selfridge and Co. keep themselves well before the public, and the recent issue of £300,000 Preference shares was oversubscribed. Five per cent. was paid on the Ordinary shares for 1913, and it is difficult to imagine that this Company cannot do as well out of the new premises which have just been acquired as did Messrs. T. Lloyd and Co. But, in any event, the profits last year amounted to £131,000, which is three times the sum required for the annual dividend on the old and new Preference combined.

William Whiteley and Co., the Universal Providers of Westbourne Grove, have a long record of prosperity behind them. The dividend on the Ordinary shares, of which there are £450,000 outstanding, has not been less than 5½ per cent. during the last twelve years, and was at the rate of 7 per cent. for 1913. The Preference dividend is therefore well covered, and the financial position healthy and fairly strong.

Anglo-Continental Supply Company.—This Company is not strictly a Home Industrial, but as it carries on business in France we consider it sufficiently near to include in the present list. During 1912, it will be remembered, the abnormally high price of coffee caused a decline in profits, and the directors were unable to declare a dividend on the Ordinary shares. For 1913, however, much better results were achieved, and 8 per cent. has been declared on the £800,000 Ordinary shares (which are mostly held by the vendors). The business is well managed, and, except when coffee

prices are exceptionally high, we think there is little doubt that good profits will be earned.

St. James' and Pall Mall Electric.—These shares have been so often recommended in these columns that the present position must be pretty well known to our readers. For 1913 a profit of £31,043 was earned, which compared with £27,000 for 1912, and the dividend was raised to 12 per cent. as compared with 10 per cent., which had been paid for the last seven years. The district served is a very good one, consisting as it does of West End clubs and restaurants, and we certainly consider an eventual increase in the rate of distribution to be more probable than any decline.

RANDOM NOTES.

More than a year ago we pointed out that more money would be required before Southern Alberta Lands could possibly be brought to a dividend stage, or even before the irrigation works could be completed. This fact has now begun to dawn upon the market, with the result that the shares are down to about 7s. The Debentures are quoted well below 70, so it seems pretty clear that Prior Lien Bonds in some form or other will have to be issued eventually. It's been an unhappy business from beginning to end.

The announcement that a further remittance of just over £8000 has been sent off for the account of the Guayaquil and Quito Bonds is excellent news. When this sum arrives here there will be about £3000 more than is necessary to pay another coupon on the First Mortgage Bonds. The money should arrive here about the end of the month, and we have no doubt that the coupon will then be paid.

The decline in the returns of the Renong Tin Dredging Company for the second half of March is rather disconcerting, but we do not consider it sufficient to warrant the drop in the price of the shares which took place last week. The new dredge commenced working about a fortnight ago, and, in the absence of official information, those best in a position to judge are of opinion that there has probably been some temporary difficulty in this direction. We see no reason to alter the good opinion which we have previously expressed with regard to the Company's prospects.

The difficulties of last year are clearly demonstrated by the Stock Exchange report which has just appeared. As already announced, the dividend was reduced from £10 10s. to £10. The number of members and clerks fell during the year from 7493 to 7276, while entrance-fees were as much as £20,000 down at £39,400. Total receipts for the year were about £24,000 smaller.

The Brazilian position continues to give rise to a considerable amount of uneasiness, although the knowledge that a French group is arranging a big loan has done much to restore confidence. This will certainly help all the commercial interests in the country, but it is rather questionable whether the Government Bonds will benefit very much, if at all. It must not be forgotten that such an issue can only be made on exceedingly onerous terms, and it seems quite possible that the attractions offered will compare favourably with those of existing Bonds even at their present depreciated quotations.

ON "THE HOUSE."

(Being the first of several documents which have recently come into our possession and which are supposed by some to be the work of Sir Francis Bacon. In our opinion, however, internal evidence points to their having been written, or at any rate revised, at a somewhat later date.)

Now by the House I doe not meane that Gasometer, which standeth in the fields of Windy Westmynister; Nor the other Resorte of Feeble and Weak Menne; to wit the Almshouse. For of such I like not to speake; and of the Firste only in my Closet; Having firste Chastened my tongue with Godly Recitations; and Melifluous Canticles.

But, and if, you have the Leesure; and the Patience; I would tell of the House; which is opposite to the Boothe of one Lyons in the Streete named Throgmorton.

At the Firste then know there are Many Members, having Strange Customs; and Curious Manners; Devoid of Sense or Meaning. And they speake an Eccentrick Tongue; By which they are to bee known alle Times. So that, and if, at any time you should falle upon two or three Menne; Whose Speache is of Stagges; or Bulls; or Bears; or any such Beastes; Bee not Deceived; For they are not Hunters—"Venatores ferarum audaces" as Rooseveltdt or Dewar; but surely Members of the House. And if they stoutly persist, at inconvenient Seasons, becoming a very Nuisance; Then shall you know them to bee Masters of their Craft. Moreover, and if you would Fain bee a Nutte or a Bloud, then it were Profitable to take Heed to their Conversation; Marking it well for Future Repitition. For in this wise are many Reputations acquired; and Hospitable Invitations.

But should you Enquire the Manner of their Busynesse; Then would I bee at a stond, knowing not what to say for the multitude of Responses. For they bee of an Infinite Varietie; And Exceeding Mysterie; And import Nothing. For this reason Members bee of a certaine Secresie; and Marvellous Modestie; Hiding at alle times their Light under a Bushel. And for this Cause also there

[Continued on page 64.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Short but Sweet. The Easter holidays were short this year, therefore let us hope that they were sweet. A number of people went abroad for a few days. It used to be a great time for a shopping trip to Paris, from which women returned fitted out in the latest fashions. Now, owing in great measure to the Queen and to the ever-increasing inventiveness of London dressmakers, London is considered smart enough even for rich Americans to buy their gowns and head-gear in. Holidays, too, are much more devoted to open-air sports, to motor trips, or to genuine travel, than to shopping even in the City of Fascination. One quarrel I have with a very large section of British women and girls, and that is on the score of their failure to grasp suitability in the matter of clothes—witness the number of "sports" coats one sees in Bond Street and Regent Street, and all over the West End. They are delightful garments in their rightful place, which is not the West End of London. Sports coats with sports-women inside have been seen in the country and at the seaside in droves, and very smart and jaunty and comfortable they looked.

Ze Valton 'Eath. A new coat and skirt by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, is so smart in the real country acceptance of the term that a young Parisienne of my acquaintance can hardly be persuaded to come out of what she calls her "Valton 'Eath," except to change for dinner, when she is all costly Parisian simplicity and daintiness. The Walton Heath coat and skirt is smart, neat, and practical. The coat has lapels giving a long line, and, to obviate all clumsiness, the belt at the back and in front is in one with the side-pieces. At the back it is loose and dips a little, and the fastenings are neat buckles the colour of the tweed the suit is made in. The skirt fastens and buttons down the front, and is finished with a buckle. It is very neat and gives a good spring, while room at the hem is given by two pleats inserted at either side of a broad box-pleat. I saw it in a feather-stitch tweed of a purple-and-gold mixture. It is, however, made in all colours and



A BECOMING COSTUME FOR THE LINKS: THE WALTON-HEATH GOLF COAT AND SKIRT.

Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

mixtures. I saw some really smart suits and coats for morning wear in town at this celebrated establishment. They were very neat and comfortable, and also serviceable—just the things for this time of year.

There are reputations enviable and unenviable. A man I know has one which makes him a valued member of his community—one which has to catch a train to town each morning. A friend seeking to compliment him on it said, "I say, old man, you are well watched." So soon as he discovered that it was not by the police, he unfolded a tale of the absolute reliability of the Waltham watch he wore. It was a Riverside Maximus, and it was never out a minute in sixteen years. On inquiry, it was found that Waltham

watches are moderate in price, as well as such excellent time-keepers, and that our sex, fast becoming commendably punctual, can also have them, the Lady Waltham being a dainty ornament as well as a really dependable watch. An interesting booklet giving the history of this wonderful watch will be sent on application by post-card to the Waltham Watch Company, 125, High Holborn, W.C.

Sweets to the Sweets. I wonder how many members

of my sex have been made happy by Easter eggs from Fuller's. The chocolates and sweets are doubly enjoyable because they are thoroughly good, and their consumption is not followed by any bad consequence. Those of us who have days in town appreciate Fuller's dainty and excellent *table d'hôte* luncheons served at their West-End headquarters, 209, Regent Street each day—12.30 to 2.30. Soft and charming music is an accompaniment of the meal, which is all that a meal should be—well chosen, varied, and remarkably well cooked; while the service is quiet, quick, and good. It is a tribute to the firm that not only ladies well known in Society are seen there at lunch-time, but that men swear by Fuller's food as the best to be had at such a reasonable price as half-a-crown.

Look to Your Figures.

It is quite true at the moment that the female form divine is only a peg on which to hang queer garments, loose, floppy, untidy, and—let us not mince matters—ugly. The phase is already passing, and the feminine figure will, ere long, be as important—and, be it said, as pretty—a factor in fashion as it ever was. What, for some quite humorous reason, are called Futurist fashions are now as stale as last year's grapes—and as sour to our taste. Eccentricity in dress has had its day, and the first creators in Paris and Vienna are setting themselves to reinstate the grace and line and curve of the female figure on the most important pedestal of the Mode. They will, in fact, make dresses to show the figure, not to render it grotesque.

Since its first appearance, seven years ago, "Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack" has doubled in size, a fact significant of the increasing popularity of the game. The new edition for 1914, edited by Mr. A. Wallis Myers, and published by Messrs. F. H. Ayres, Ltd., 111, Aldersgate Street, E.C., contains full records of tournaments at home and abroad in last year's memorable season. The book is illustrated with a number of portraits, and gives short biographies of over a hundred prominent players. Lawn-tennis, like golf, is feeling the results of popularity in the increasing number of spectators interested in it. The stands at Wimbledon, for instance, have had to be enlarged.



WEARING A 'WEDDING-GIFT: KING MANUEL'S QUEEN AS A PORTUGUESE PEASANT-GIRL.

Queen Augusta Victoria, wife of King Manuel, is here seen in a costume, given to her on her wedding, such as is worn by peasant girls in Portugal. The photograph was taken at her Richmond home, Fulwell Park.

Photograph by C.N.



ROYALTY AT MONTE CARLO: THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND HER ELDER SON, PRINCE GEORGE OF TECK.

The Duchess of Teck, whose marriage to the Duke took place in 1894, was Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Her elder son, Prince George of Teck, was born in 1895. She has another son, Prince Frederick, and two daughters, Princesses Victoria and Helena.—[Photograph by Navello.]



AT MONTE CARLO: (LEFT TO RIGHT) FLORENCE LADY NUNBURNHOLME, ANNE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE, AND LORD LEIGH.

Florence Lady Nunburnholme is the widow of the first Baron, and a daughter of the late Colonel W. H. C. Wellesley. Anne Duchess of Roxburghe, widow of the seventh Duke, was a Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Victoria. Lord Leigh, the third Baron, succeeded his father in 1905.—[Photograph by Navello.]

Continued from page 62.

bee Lusty Varlets at alle doors ; In a Gaudy Liverie ; who shoulde Hinder Any From Entering ; Saving onely the Members.

And I myselfe who know alle these Things ; and much more besides (Whereof I entend to speake at Another Time) ; doe not enter into the House. For that were Impolitique ; And shoulde denote Unseemly Rashness ; wherein I am not Apt.

Howbeit there was Found one of excellent Curiositie ; and a Bold Hart : Who eluding the Varlets with Immense Cunning ; and Gyle ; entered Uncopt. Whereupon One Member spying him enquired whoe He might Bee ; and Another (Guillaume by Name) Surmising a Stranger counselled that a Brik ; as bee used in the Edification of Houses ; Shoulde be cutte in Twaine ; Making two Halves whereof the One shoulde be Heeved at the Stranger. And thus it Came about that Presently Alle the Members ; Leaving their Divers Recreations ; Felle upon Him with loude cries ; and Abundance of Bruit ; To his greate Terrour. And they Shewed him the Whole House ; and its Glorie ; which he Liked not. For He was Constrayned to Walke like a Frogge ; In his Tribulation. At the Laste they Caste him forth ; Speeding his Flite with Rude Jestyngs : and Schrewe Buffetes ; so that he Looped a Loop ; To the Greate Envie of Pegoud ; Save Onely the Bump, which was very Grievous. And After him Divers Garments. At Intervals.

For This Cause I doe not Enter the House in the Fleshe ; But very Zealously doe I Haunt the Purlieus ; Imbibing Knowledge ; For the Edification of Lesser Menne :

LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.

The report of this Company for 1913, with which we should have dealt last week had space permitted, reveals a very much more satisfactory position.

A year ago we wrote, " . . . we certainly think that dividends will be resumed within a reasonable time, as the Company has a lot o' good business, and the new general manager is a thoroughly capable man ; also, we believe this can be accomplished with the funds now in hand. . . . Shareholders, however, must be prepared to wait."

The recovery has certainly been very much more rapid than we anticipated. There has been a pretty general advance in all departments, with the result that the net revenue amounted to £46,100, whch compares with £10,500 twelve months ago (when no dividend was forthcoming), and enables the payment of a dividend of 12s. 6d. per share. The £5 shares (£2 paid) have advanced during the same period from about £12 to £17, and appear to have speculative attractions even at the latter price for those who do not mind the liability.

We take off our hat to Mr. Thiselton, the general manager.

Thursday, April 9, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules —

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions ; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LA MODE.—Of course there are fashions in investments as in everything else, and they are generally carried to extremes. It looks as though the coming one is for Home securities.

SAUL.—(1) Perfectly good and perfectly straight. (2) Far better deal through the Stock Exchange, where you know they are honest.

WEARY.—We fear you will be even wearier before you see any recovery in your shares. We look upon them as almost worthless.

A. M. W. (Finchley).—It is too hard for us. For the moment we are inclined to think the shares are high enough, but it is possible that eventually they may go still better.

C. B. H.—Not a security which we like, but the loss is so heavy we think you had better hold for a recovery.

KAN.—The address you require is No. 1, London Wall Buildings. Half-yearly dividends of sixpence each due next July. Prospects rather uncertain. The Nigerian shares are not participating, but have fair prospects. We do not care for your suggested speculative investment, nor see any particular attraction in the other shares you mention.

N.B.—As we go to press early, we must crave the indulgence of those correspondents whose answers are unavoidably held over until next week.

JOS TIN AREA (NIGERIA), LTD.—The directors state that a cable has been received from the engineer in charge reporting an output of 38 tons for the month of March, of an assay value of 75½ per cent. metallic tin. Of the above output, 29 tons 8 cwt. have been recovered by the dredge from 11,226 cubic yards of ground treated during 398 hours' running time.



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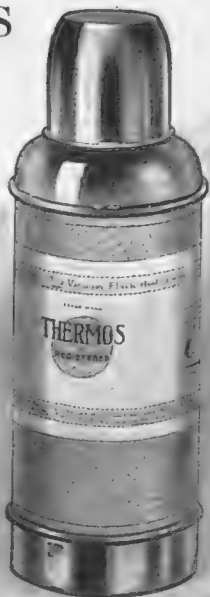
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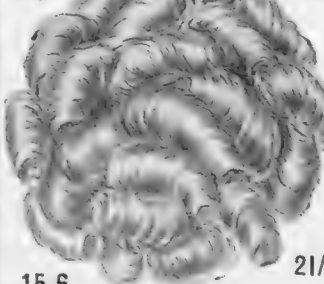
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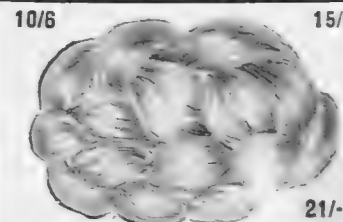
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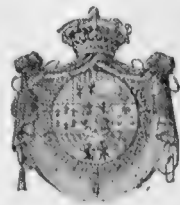


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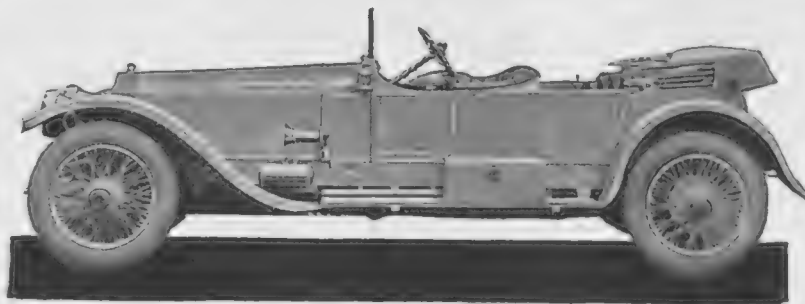
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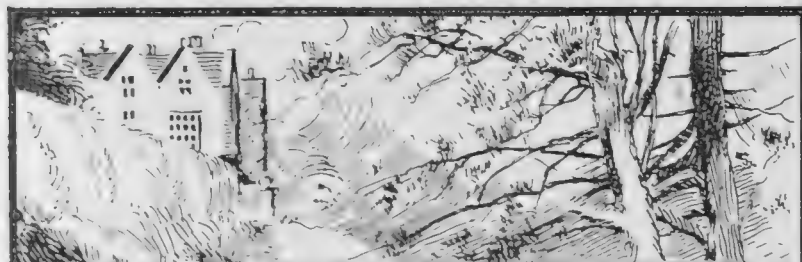


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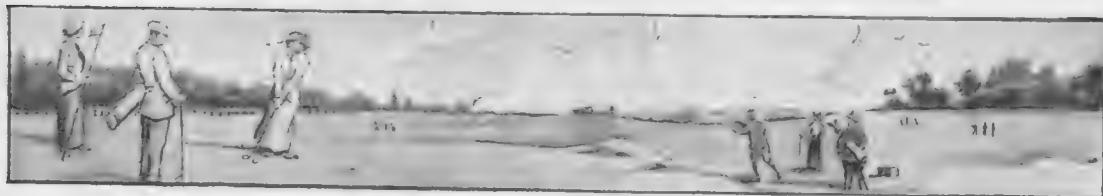
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Tired
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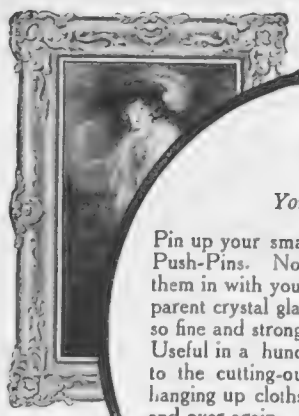
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You push them in with your fingers.

Pin up your small pictures and prints with Moore Push-Pins. No hammering required—you push them in with your fingers. The head, being made of transparent crystal glass, is almost invisible, and the steel point is so fine and strong that it is easily inserted in plaster or wood. Useful in a hundred and one ways—for pinning patterns to the cutting-out board, for fastening up draperies, for hanging up cloths to dry, and so on. Can be used over and over again. 3d. a packet.

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A New Home Treatment for Making Straight Hair Wavy and Fluffy.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which has unfortunately been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruination of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument the curling iron. Imagine, if you can, how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment! Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hair's dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour about two tablespoonfuls into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls giving a charming and pretty effect even to a plain face.

As you draw the cork—

The ethereal fragrance released when you uncork a bottle of John Jameson's Whiskey will tell you what the contents are—old, unblended spirit, made and matured in the old, unrivalled Irish way.

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Jameson**
Three ★ ★ ★ Star
Whiskey

House Established 1780.

F. Gardner

The Clubman's Turf Accountant

"I knew, George; I knew. How? Just by the way you pull that cigar."

"Now that's funny. I thought I showed no symptoms."

"Ah! it takes an old 'hand' like me to note it—but never mind. You young, adventurous fellows will roam and have your experiences, I suppose."

"Well, haven't you had yours, too?"

"Not for years and years. I chose my Turf Accountant as carefully as I would choose—a wife."

"Now that's interesting, if not quite exciting. I never approached the matter in that way."

"Exactly! And that accounts for many things, including the aforementioned symptom. Pardon me; but transactions involving the exchange of money almost always come under the category of business—even racing transactions."

"But, my dear old chap, I don't make a business of my interest in racing."

"No, no; I don't say so; but if, and when, you back a horse, you should, as a matter of ordinary worldly wisdom, place your money through a House that realizes and acts up to its obligations in a genuine business and sportsmanlike way."

"For instance?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I personally have done all my business for nearly a quarter of a century through the House of Gant—and never a horse that I backed came home but I received a cheque in full and up to the minute. No mistakes and no waiting, even when you 'strike oil' with a big Double Event."

"Sounds jolly fine; but what sort of privacy do you enjoy?"

"Never a cause to complain. Your affairs are as secret as with a banking house, and you can always arrange your cheques to be paid in whatever name you signify. You are on safe ground when you deal with the House of Gant."



Deal with the House of Gant and your interest in racing will afford you the maximum of pleasure and security.

Every client receives the red leather-bound Racing Diary and Guide. Write for it to-day and full particulars of terms.

D.M. GANT

TURF ACCOUNTANT

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FOR
Beauty, Whiteness, Preservation of the Skin.

Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis.
Prevents Wrinkles.
Absolutely Unrivalled.

Does not Produce Hair.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.



WHEN out shopping, call at Fuller's for Lunch. No heavy dishes. Everything supplied with that delicate daintiness for which the name of Fuller's has stood so long.

Table d'hôte Lunches, 2/6,
or à la carte, 12.30 to 2.30.
Music 1 to 3; 4 to 6.

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The Essence of daintiness,
Fuller's chocolates and sweets.

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21 other London and
18 Provincial branches.

Home - made Beauty Helps AND Money - Saving - - Recipes - -

By RITA MOYA.



RITA MOYA.
The Celebrated Comedy Actress.

It is quite impossible for me to give advice in these columns regarding the merits of various preparations on the market. In general, my advice to women who wish to retain, or regain, their youthful appearance is to avoid the many unreliable, cheap, made-up

preparations. Nature provides many simple "beautifiers," and the best results are obtained from their use. You must not be disappointed if you experience a little trouble in obtaining some of the ingredients mentioned below. They can all be obtained, however, from any reliable chemist, and even if he does not happen to have them in stock he will gladly obtain them for you at a few hours' notice if you insist—and you should insist. The smart, dainty woman of to-day likes to know what she is using.

Sure Way of Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

The usual hair removers on the market are not at all satisfactory. I have used the following preparation and it is really wonderful in its action, destroying hair completely in a few moments. Many women have merely a down on the arms and face and imagine they do not need a hair remover. They hardly realize what a wonderful difference there would be in their appearance if this down, even light as it may be, were removed. Get at any good chemist's an ounce of pure powdered phenol. Mix a little of it into a paste with water and apply to the hair growths. Wash off after two minutes and the hairs will have entirely disappeared. A little non-greasy face cream can then be applied with advantage.

Powder not Necessary.

Few women know that it is possible to give the complexion a delightfully smooth, velvety appearance in a few moments by the application of ordinary clemite. If you have no clemite in the house get about an ounce from your chemist and dissolve it in four tablespoonfuls of cold water. This lotion applied to the face, neck or arms with the finger-tips, immediately gives that peach-like bloom so much admired; powder is not necessary, and the result lasts all day long. For an evening in a hot ball-room this recipe is unrivalled. You will not get that greasy, shiny look so often seen after a little exertion.

Natural Wavy Hair.

Your hair will regain its rich lustre, and fluffy appearance, if cleansed occasionally with a mild shampoo. The very best thing I know of for this purpose is plain starch, a teaspoonful of which dissolved in a cup of hot water is sufficient for the thickest growth of hair. Pure starch, however, seems rather expensive as it is only sold in the original packages, which cost half-a-crown. This quantity, however, is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, so it really is most economical in the long run. Dry, irritating or profusely oily scalps are soon put in a healthy condition, and dull, brittle hair grows bright and even in colour, and will be ever so soft and fluffy.

Hair Culture.

There is no excuse for falling hair; no excuse for thin, sick hair, or bald spots. No beauty of features can make up for a distressing lack of hair growth and the formula which I purpose giving you will positively force the hair to grow. Mix about an ounce of borax in ½ pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well and allow it to stand for half an hour, then add ½ pint of fresh cold water and strain. Rub well into the scalp, and in two weeks' time look for the new growth. You will not require a microscope to see it.

To Renew Complexions without Cosmetics.

If the excessive user of cosmetics only knew the impression her artificiality really makes upon others, she would quickly seek the means of gaining a natural complexion. Let her acquire the mercifulised wax habit, discarding make-up entirely, and she will soon have the kind of complexion that women envy, and men admire. It is so easy to get a little mercifulised wax from the chemist and use it nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Gradually the lifeless, soiled outer cuticle peels off in tiny, invisible flakes, and in a week or so you have a brand new complexion, clear, soft, velvety, and of girlish colour and texture. The treatment is so simple, harmless, and marvellously effective, the wonder is that every woman whose skin is withered and discoloured has not already adopted it.



BROWNE & LILLY SUMMER HOUSES, BEACH HUTS, and GARDEN PAVILIONS

are the most useful little structures on the market. Strong, compact, and picturesque they enhance the appearance of any garden, and as beach shelters they are unequalled for distinction and utility.

Prices, delivered at any railway station in England and Wales, from £3 10s. upwards.

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AT MEALTIMES

drink VITTEL GRANDE SOURCE, the purest, most agreeable, most beneficial medicinal table water. It frees the system from uric acid. Can be taken advantageously with all Wines and Spirits.

Awarded Gold Medal, International Congress of Medicine, London, August, 1913.

VITTEL GRANDE SOURCE

is bottled at the spring in the Vosges. Its use means freedom from rheumatism, gout, kidney and liver troubles. Over 11,000,000 bottles sold yearly. Of all hotels, chemists and stores.

IRISH

Damask table cloths in the newest designs, our own manufacture, 2 by 2 yards, 8/- each. Dinner napkins 2 by 2 yards to match cloths. 12/4 dozen. Hand-embroidered and drawn-thread tea cloths, 35 inches square, 8/11 each.

Lovers of fine Linen will appreciate the beautiful designs of Irish Damasks which are illustrated in our "Green Book." Fine fabrics at all prices are shown in a pleasing variety. The Book, together with patterns, will be forwarded post free to all intending purchasers.

DAMASK TABLE LINEN

Extract from a letter recently received from a Customer.

DEAR SIR, — I never buy my table linen anywhere else, and have bought it from your firm ever since I can remember. It lasts so long and is so good that I do not need to buy it very often. I am now using cloths that have been in constant use for 15 years, with only one darn in one cloth and two in another—the rest are quite perfect, also napkins in "Antique Scroll," "Ferns and Butterflies," etc. I am always glad to have your Catalogues and pictures of any new designs. I may want something in May or June.

SUSSEX.

Yours faithfully,

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

40 G Donegall Place

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PIMPLES STARTED

ECZEMA

ZAM-BUK Gave Her a New Skin.

"Pimples on my face turned to dry eczema," says Mrs. A. L. Savage, of 66, Chestnut Street, Leicester. "For nine years I was tortured with the disfiguring sores, which smarted and burned dreadfully.

"Doctors and common ointments and creams did no good. A friend, however, told me of Zam-Buk. I gave it a trial. At the same time I used Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, which I found very comforting to the skin.

"Perseverance with the Zam-Buk treatment relieved me entirely of the pain and smarting, and cleared the eczema from my face. Zam-Buk gave me a healthy skin again."



Mrs. A. L. Savage.

There is no questioning the benefits from a box of Zam-Buk, whether for eczema, ulcers, sores, piles, pimples and blotches or other skin disease, or for properly treating cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains and strains, etc.

Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap is strongly recommended to all whose skins are diseased or inclined to pimples, rashes, etc.

Zam-Buk

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The "Savoyard" is Thoroughly Waterproof.

Lined throughout or half-lined with waterproof silk, beautifully finished down to the smallest detail. Any figure fitted perfectly from stock.

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Nothing is too small—nothing too large; from a Pair of Gloves to a Turkey Carpet each article is treated by the most Perfect process.

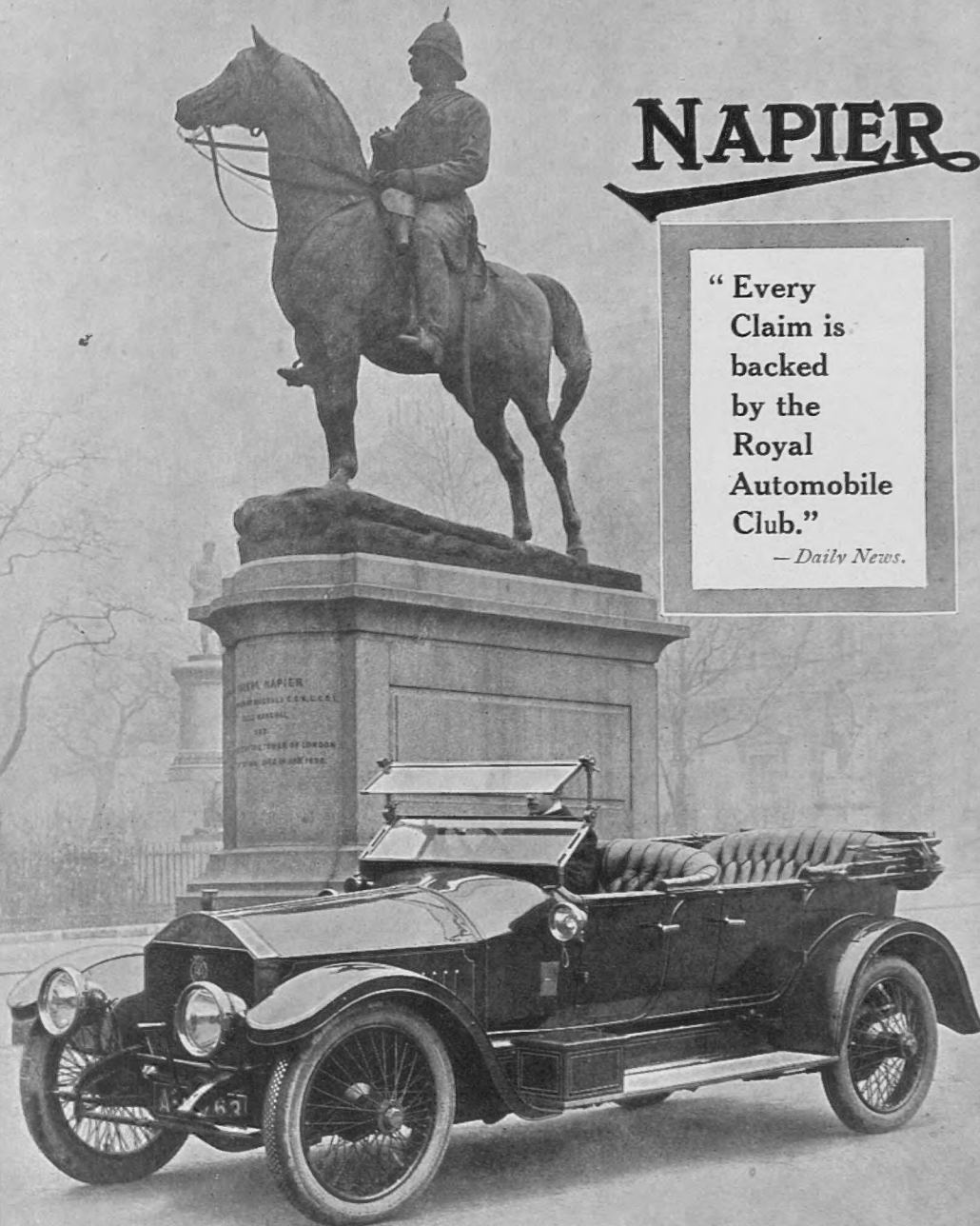
Write for Spring Cleaning booklet, and the address of nearest branch or agency.

Campbell LIMITED, **PERTH DYE WORKS**

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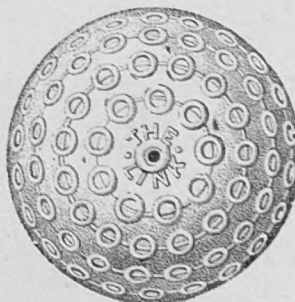
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2/- each.

"The best for the short game."

THE NON-SKID BALL

Golfers have found by actual experience that their approach shots will **STOP ON THE GREEN**

if they play with **THE LINK.** 2/- each.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Fie, oh France! The *Entente Cordiale* will be seriously endangered if the French Government really carries out the intentions with which it is credited. As every tourist knows by now, the fine highways of France have been allowed to fall into a parlous state simply because the nation will not spend a normal amount of money upon maintenance and repair; and now it is sought to bleed motorists by means of an additional tax, ostensibly with a view to devoting the resultant revenue to road upkeep. French motorists themselves, however, are by no means convinced that the money, if raised, would be devoted to the object named; it is much more likely, they say, to be dropped into the coffers of the army. Meanwhile, it is pointed out that motorists already contribute large sums to the public exchequer, for they have heavy registration fees to pay, as well as duties upon *essence* (Anglicé, petrol) and lubricating oil—indeed, they themselves provide more out of their own pockets than the amount annually spent upon the roads. Why then, they inquire, should they be threatened with further taxation, and not



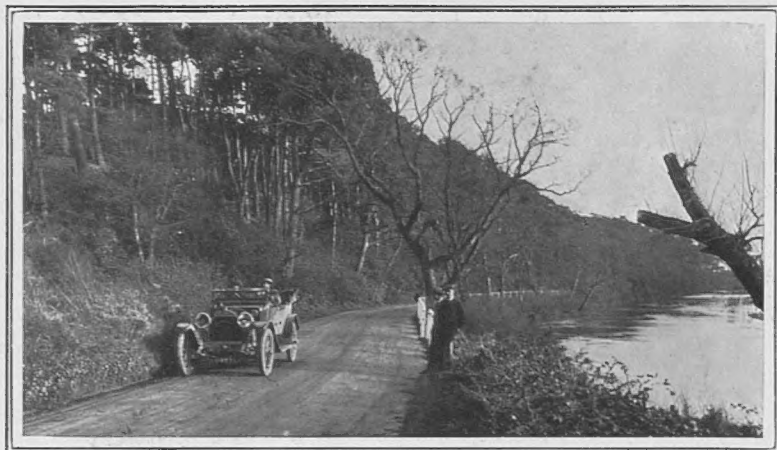
THE MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. CLEMENT TALBOT, LTD.: MR. FRANK SHORLAND ON A 25-50-H.P. TALBOT CAR.

Mr. Frank Shorland, who became General Manager and Secretary to Messrs. Clement Talbot in 1908, has recently been promoted to be Managing-Director. During his *régime* the business has increased enormously, along with the reputation of the "invincible" Talbots. In the last five years the firm has spent £60,000 on new machinery and both works and staff have been doubled.

only be expected to provide the whole cost of road upkeep, but even more into the bargain?

Only Eight Days' Grace.

Not by any means, moreover, is the matter one affecting native motorists alone; the British tourist will be given cause to protest if the proposals are carried through. Although an exemption of four months for visitors prevails where existing taxes are concerned, it is provided by the Bill now before the Chamber of Deputies that only eight days' free running shall be allowed, and any longer stay will involve a liability to pay the new impost. This is based on a power scale—50 francs up to 12-h.p., 75 francs up to 24-h.p., 125 francs up to 35-h.p., 200 francs up to 60-h.p., and 250 francs for the biggest cars. This, of course, is much better than our own engine tax, which runs up to forty guineas a year; but the justification in the case of the United Kingdom is the fact that the money is ear-marked for new and special schemes of improvement under the eye of the Road Board, whereas in France the ordinary maintenance only is to be paid for.



WHERE STOUR AND AVON JOIN: A 20-H.P. MASS-PAIGE IN A PRETTY SETTING. The photograph was taken on the road between Christchurch and Ringwood, Hampshire, and shows a glimpse of the River Stour at a point where it joins the Avon. The selling agents for Mass-Paige cars are Messrs. Byrom and Co., of Bloemfontein Avenue, Shepherd's Bush, W.—[Photograph by Moss.]

O.S.

SPEEDOMETERS

CASE DISMISSED.

"..... On comparing figures with those recorded by the speedometer it was found that the latter was correct."

N.B. IT WAS AN O.S.



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CO.,

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Can be used fully open (as illustrated), as a three-quarter landaulette, or entirely closed. The desired changes can be made instantly, without exertion & single-handed.

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Complete with Morgan 2-seat body, hood, five lamps, screen, and horn, 200 GUINEAS.